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Sport, Pastimes & Travel.

The BYSTANDER.

Art, Literature & the Drama.

No. 172.—Vol. XIII. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, March 20, 1907 [Price 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Photo *Bassano*

THE COUNTESS OF SUFFOLK

The latest recruit to the ranks of lady race-horse owners, among whom are numbered Lady de Clifford and Lady de Bathe (Mrs. Langtry). Her horse, Friarsgate, recently won the United Hunts Cup at Newbury. She was married in 1904, and is an American (Miss Daisy Leiter), the sister-in-law of Lord Curzon

No. 172.—Vol. XIII.

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RACING NOTIONS. By CARBINE. **GAMES AND PASTIMES.**

The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short satirical and witty sketches, not exceeding 1,000 words, will be considered, but no fiction unless it can be included in our "Worldly" Series, and readers are, therefore, begged to study these stories before submitting MSS. Articles (with photographs) of events on the Continent and in the Colonies are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

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POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½*d.* per copy, irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½*d.* FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all copies so forwarded.

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This Insurance extends from and including Tuesday, the 19th day of March, 1907, to the midnight of Wednesday, the 27th day of March, 1907.

The possession of this Coupon-Insurance-Ticket is admitted to be the payment of a premium under Sec. 33 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the Principal Office of the Corporation.

This Insurance holds good in the case of a Railway Servant travelling with a pass in a passengers' compartment.

Signature.....

Bystander Comments

London: Wednesday March 20, 1907

The Kaiser has offered a prize for a long-distance motor race on the lines of the military long-distance rides. In the latter events, the prize went to the officer successful in killing the largest number of horses, but it is believed that in the motor race the object will be to secure the largest mixed bag.

* * *

Dr. Macdougal, of Boston, who has discovered that souls weigh about an ounce (it doesn't seem much for Boston, does it?), has put us all in rather a tantalising position. For it seems one can't get one's soul weighed without first deceasing. No automatic machines for weighing souls at railway stations. No standing of the little ones in the kitchen scales to see if their young spirits are going strong. No boasting that one's soul has gone up a quarter of an ounce during Lent.

* * *

No, the only person likely to benefit by the Macdougal discovery is the man who is particular about his epitaph. He might leave instructions that, instead of the old-fashioned enumeration of his virtues, always apt to evoke scepticism in the looker-on, the simple fact of his soul's weight should be recorded. Something like this would look well:—

Here lies ELIJAH B. TODD, *Financier.*
B. 1850. *D.* 1907. *Weight of Soul,* 1¾ oz.

That would stop the scandalmongers, if anything would.

* * *

We trust the thoughtful reader will spare a tear for the frequenters of the British Museum Reading-room, threatened with exile for months. It seems that the collapse of the Charing Cross roof has caused the B.M. to become suspect, and so it is to be looked to. Perhaps this is all for the best. But what a boom for literature it would have been if the British Museum had caved in! Think of the telegrams:

British Museum Holocaust.
Encyclopædia Britannica claims 17 victims.
500 wounded by Harmsworth's Self-Educator.
Women still alive under works of Hall Caine.

And a rescue-party might have been headed by Mr. Hooper.

The Unforeseen
"I build for Eternity"
(Sir Christopher Wren's speech on the Dedication of St. Paul's)
(By J. JELLICOE)

As a nation, we may be hypocrites (see German papers), degenerates (Professor Lombroso), execrably smart (Father Vaughan); but there are still some pure and stainless hearts among us. Otherwise, how account for our leading journal devoting so much space to the question of whether a man with a wooden leg should be allowed to act as a goalkeeper or not?

* * *

Ignorance of the technical points involved prevents us from discussing the matter at length ourselves. In some ways, no doubt, it must be pleasanter to have wooden legs when playing football than not to have them. From the spectator's point of view, however, the game would be spoilt if all the players had wooden legs. On the whole, we should prefer wooden-legged men to play some other game. Still, the point is that so long as we can discuss matters like this with enthusiasm, there's not likely to be much wrong with us.

* * *

And having got on to the subject of games, congratulations to the Jam, of Jamnagar, the only Monarch who can manage a "leg-glance" properly. Unless, of course, Wilhelm has been taking up cricket of late.

* * *

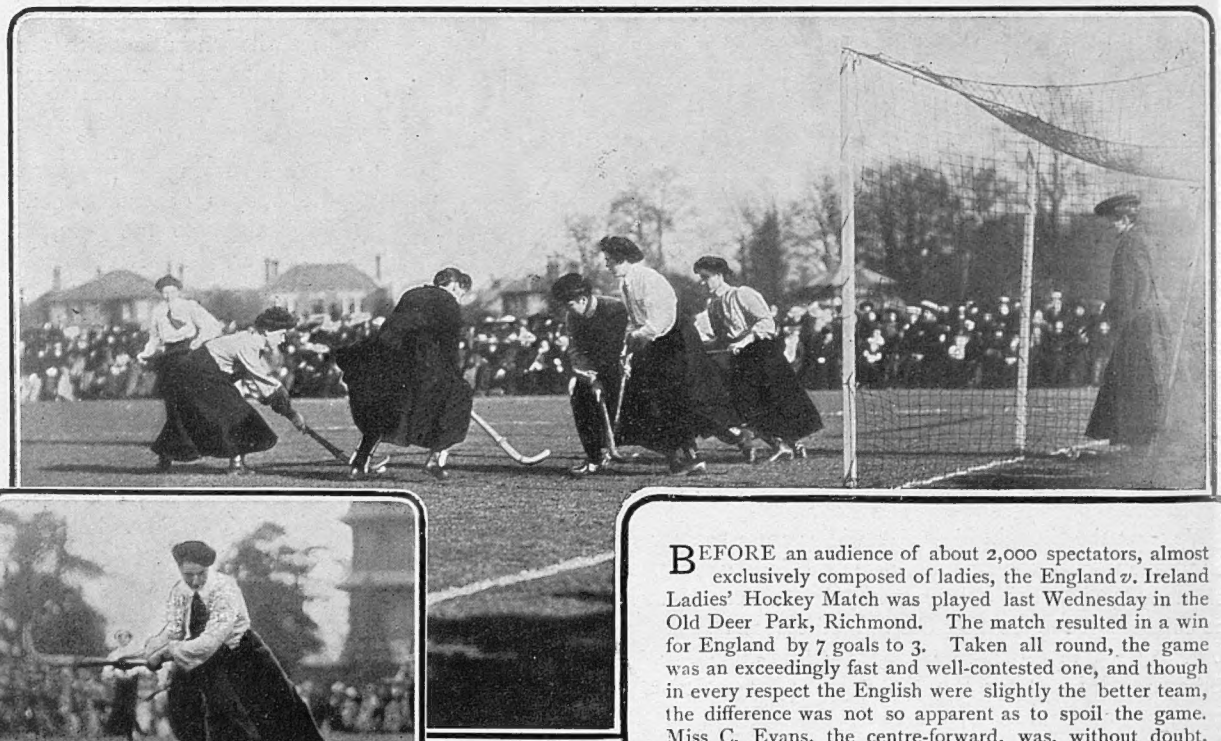
Whatever Spring weather may be, it is gratifying to learn that "Spring Fashions are to be insidiously becoming." Insidiously! As men and husbands, we hope the news is true. Not that men really care what women wear. The stern-faced elderly lady who goes into a milliner's shop and comes out with a little blue sauce-boat and a couple of ostrich feathers balanced on the top of her head labours under a delusion, if she thinks she does that for our delight. So do lovelier and younger women. They do it for their own. But we do like women to think themselves becomingly dressed. There is a restful spirit about them then, that is very charming. Men, conscious of their well-cut, inconspicuous clothing, do not realise the pangs that Fashion causes to such of her followers as she doesn't happen to suit. Fancy if men were subject to Fashion, and a fiat went forth that we had to appear in kilts and whiskers, and straw hats with a pink rose under one ear!

Ladies' Hockey at Richmond

ENGLAND BEATS IRELAND BY 7 GOALS TO 3

The England v. Ireland Hockey Match: A good run by England

The rose-red skirts and white blouses of the English team, mingling with the bright emerald green of their opponents, produced a very picturesque effect



Photos

Ireland about to shoot

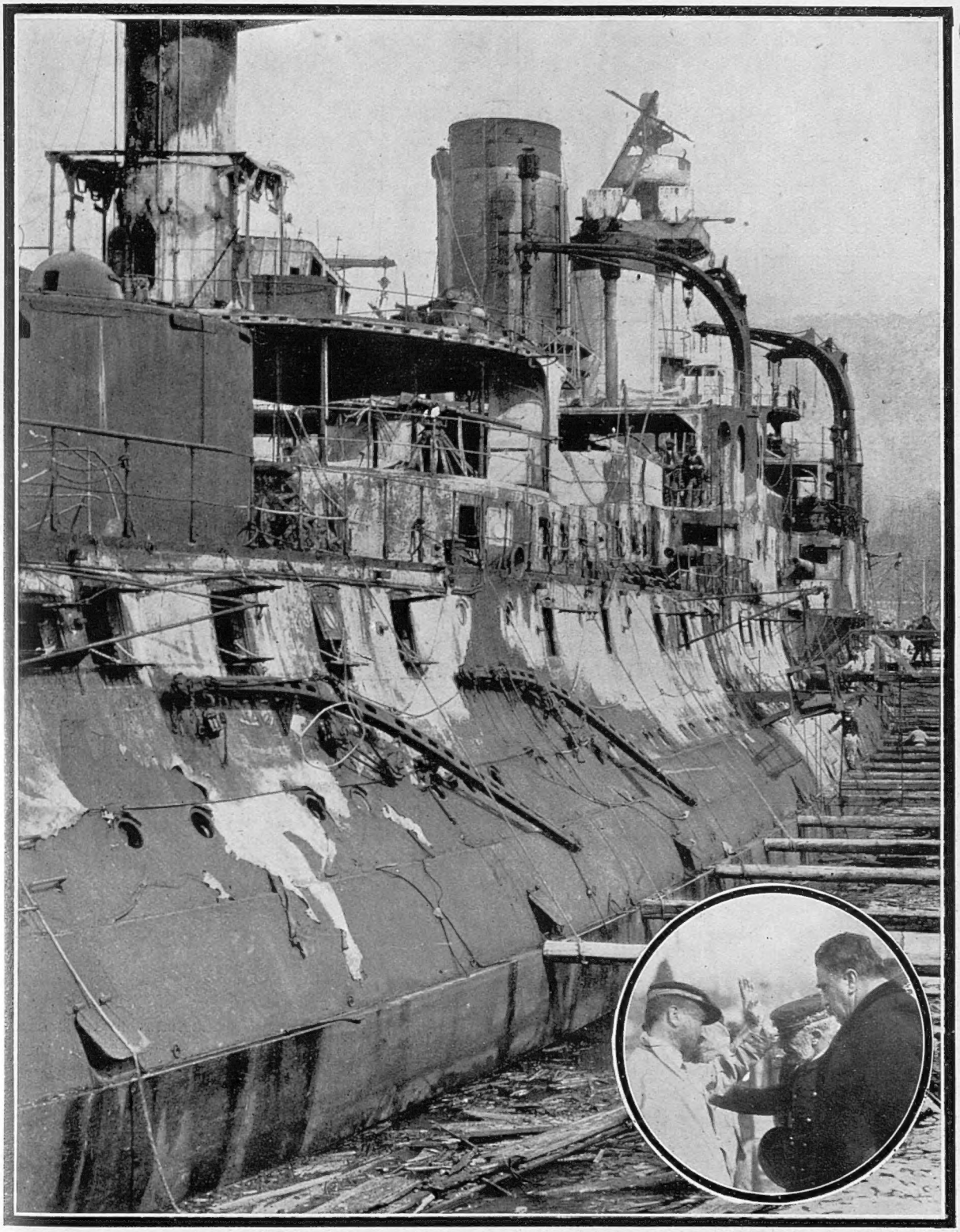
Ireland's goal in danger

Dixon

BEFORE an audience of about 2,000 spectators, almost exclusively composed of ladies, the England *v.* Ireland Ladies' Hockey Match was played last Wednesday in the Old Deer Park, Richmond. The match resulted in a win for England by 7 goals to 3. Taken all round, the game was an exceedingly fast and well-contested one, and though in every respect the English were slightly the better team, the difference was not so apparent as to spoil the game. Miss C. Evans, the centre-forward, was, without doubt, the most brilliant player on the field, though the entire forward line played almost faultlessly, and judging from the applause of the large attendance, were thoroughly appreciated. The strength of the Irish lay in their backs and halves, and best of all was Miss G. Parr at left-half, who also captains this team.

The Toulon Disaster

THE SHATTERED "JÉNA" AFTER THE TERRIFIC EXPLOSION



Photos *Bolak*

The battleship "Jéna" as she now lies in the dock at Toulon, showing the extent of the damage

A Survivor Relating His Experiences to M. Thomson, Minister of Marine

Though all the nations of the world are at the present moment at peace, an echo of the horrors of war took place last week in the blowing up of the French battleship *Jéna* as she lay in the Missiessy dry dock at Toulon, for had such a disaster occurred when she was afloat, she must have sunk with all hands. Over a hundred of the officers and crew, including her commander, Captain Adigard, were killed instantly, and many have since died from their injuries. The ship, which is damaged practically beyond repair, represents a loss of at least £1,000,000 to the French nation. The explosion, for which no adequate cause has yet been assigned, also did much damage in the town of Toulon itself, many people being killed by flying fragments

Frenzied Finance Again!

THE LATEST WALL STREET PANIC: ITS CAUSE AND EFFECT

The American railway magnates are going to petition the President! When it becomes necessary for the railway bosses to deputise the President of the United States of America, praying him to take steps "to allay public anxiety" regarding "railroad investments and construction," and "concerning the relations between the railroads and the Government," it would imply that an important screw is loose. What has caused this public anxiety, unless it be frenzied finance; and why should it be necessary to beg for Governmental interference, were all as well as the railway bosses would have one suppose? To allay the mistrust caused by their own strange deeds, the railway bosses have had to come down from their pedestals and assume the part of suppliant—a pose which, in itself, tends to perturbation. For were the bosses as omnipotent now as in the past, they would snap their fingers at "public anxiety." The anxiety is not on account of the public—far from it. The bosses are anxious about themselves and their concerns.

The Panic in Wall Street: Mr. Harriman giving evidence before the Inter-State Commerce Commission

(Reproduced from the "New York Herald")

The Harriman Tactics

The railway magnates tell us that, owing to phenomenal trade, harvest, and extension of lines, more working capital is required to cope with the increased traffics occasioned by these causes. Now, phenomenal trade should mean phenomenal profits, and phenomenal profits should mean the distribution of dividends and the creation of large reserve funds. And yet we find that, with all this big increase of traffic, dividends have been declared out of capital. What becomes of the profits then? The Harriman inquiry has laid this bare. It appears fashionable in American railway finance for magnates A, B, and C, who control the destinies of railways X, Y, and Z, to buy, with the funds of either X, Y, or Z, the shares of lines X, Y, or Z or of magnates A, B, or C. And then—by way, no doubt, of compensation or retaliation—the process is changed to one of selling, the magnates all this time adjusting their books, so that it is always with them the infallible doctrine—"Heads I win, tails you lose." Prices thus become artificially inflated or artificially depressed, and the hapless punter who takes a hand in the game falls between the stools artificial inflation and artificial depression. Identical tactics were employed during the notorious Kaffir "boom," and with identical results.

Like the African mining magnates and their mines, or what purported to be mines, we see the American railway magnates operating with their railways, or what purport to be railways. As a matter of fact, both mines and railways are merely gambling counters. In the good old days of the Kaffir "boom," the Rand companies were said to be earning such large profits, and to possess such immense potentialities (a good word that), that more shares were issued to provide further working capital still further to increase profits and bring about a consummation of potentialities. The African magnates, in their generosity, under-wrote or guaranteed these fresh issues of capital—always at big advantage to themselves—and then promptly off-loaded them upon an ever-credulous public. And, although profits have actually increased over the mines, the prices of the shares are lower, not on account of political or labour troubles, but because the prices then ruling were so ridiculously inflated. To succeed, the African magnates were careful to keep up the inflation until after fresh issues had been off-loaded, and it is in order to make their intended issues possible that the American magnates are now working in frantic despair to maintain the inflation. In this connection I would mention that it came out in evidence at the Harriman inquiry that the Harriman clique acquired for $13,000,000 bonds to the value of $22,000,000 and off-loaded them at $93,000,000.

Rough on the Innocents

The pity is that innocents must lose, and that good American lines must suffer with the bad. Since last I warned my readers about the fallacy of discounting future profits in American Rails, prices have tumbled headlong. Until more stable conditions prevail it were wise to leave the American magnates to their own devices, to let them still further wallow in their tortuous manipulations. Meanwhile, this philanthropic fraternity, not being able to keep up the inflation, and consequently not being able to issue their fresh capital, are in a state of cerulian funk.

"The girl of to-day," remarked the Club Cynic, gazing thoughtfully out of the window, "looks so absurdly young, that it is almost impossible to distinguish her from her mother."

* * *

Mr. Jerome's question to the six mental experts as to Thaw's sanity numbers 15,000 words. After this, it is no longer the question of *Thaw's* sanity that chiefly concerns the experts.

The Topictator

A Stormy Boat Race

Most people who saw Saturday's race from any point between Hammersmith and Barnes and arrived in good time must have wondered whether it could take place at all, or at any rate whether one boat or both would not be swamped; and those who had laid four or five to one against Oxford remembered that on both of the two occasions when an accident of that kind has happened Cambridge were the victims. Half an hour before the start the river just below Chiswick Eyot was a mass of white breakers in which no racing boat could possibly have lived, and must have been still worse further on; but, fortunately, the conditions improved as the tide rose, and both crews got through without an accident.

A View from Hammersmith

A strong tide and a fair wind from Craven Steps to Harrod's enabled Cambridge to reach Hammersmith in exceptionally fast time. At that point they were a length and three-quarters clear, going well within themselves, and to my mind rowing as well as any 'Varsity crew I have ever seen; but I must leave this vexed question for discussion next week. At any rate, nobody will dispute that they were long and perfectly together, and that their boat travelled between the strokes in an extraordinary way. Oxford were rather short, and were just hanging on by dint of some three extra strokes per minute, and as they disappeared round the corner, rolling and splashing in the first of the rough water, I fully expected them to be beaten by anything between twelve and twenty lengths. They must have rowed well over the last half of the course to have got as close as four and a half lengths, but the Cambridge cox. presented them with a length or two by not taking their water as soon as he might have done.

England Wins the Wooden Spoon

The Devon forwards did all that was expected of them in the Rugger International at Blackheath on Saturday, but the Scottish halves, Simson and Munro, proved, as I expected, too clever for the English pair, and I still think that Mainprice and Stoop would have been the right selection. It was a good hard game, but not a great one—a game in which, as too often happens in an International, the players were oppressed rather than inspired by the importance of the issue.

Doherty's Defeat

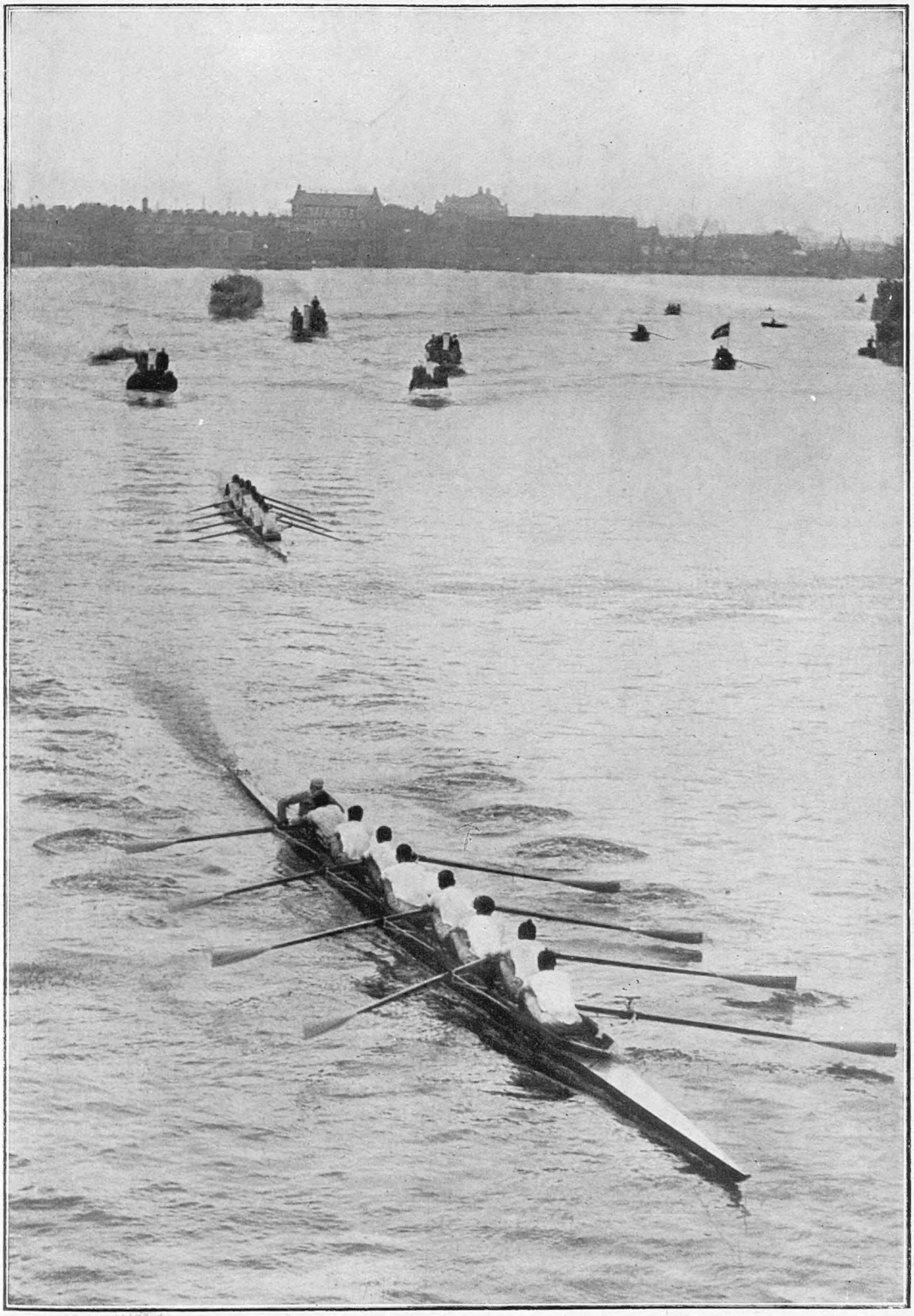
Nearly every lawn-tennis player has his *bête noir* — some opponent whom he ought, on public form, to beat, but by whom he sometimes gets beaten—and H. L. Doherty's *bête noir* appears to be Ritchie. For Ritchie's recent victory at Monte Carlo is not the first which he has gained over the redoubtable "H. L.," though we have to go back as far as 1904 for the other. In that year, at the Covered Court Championships in the Spring, the two had a very close match, which Doherty just managed to pull off, helped by a rather doubtful decision which, if it had gone the other way, would have given Ritchie a commanding lead in the fifth set; but in the autumn, at the London Covered Court Championship meeting, Ritchie had another go, and this time succeeded after another long five-set match, in which the champion, after being "two down," managed to make it two-all, but failed to pull off the final set. In the following year, Doherty avenged this defeat, and, until the other day, the only other beating recorded against him was in the "friendly" match in 1905 between England and Australia, in which Norman Brookes, the Australian champion, got the better of him in a three-set match, after having lost to him in the All-England Championship. There is no doubt that Ritchie is a far finer player on covered and hard courts than he is on grass, for his ground play on wood or gravel is much more severe, and at times he can pull out a game good enough to enable him to beat anybody. I am informed that he was in this happy condition at Monte Carlo, and that conversely Doherty was not at the top of his form, also, that the court was so dry that the loose particles of sand on its surface made the foothold insecure, and that this seemed to trouble Ritchie less than Doherty, whose game depends largely on his ability to move quickly. But however that may be, it is certain that Ritchie played quite well enough to deserve the victory which he gained.

Ladies' Hockey: England Beats Ireland

There was quite a large gathering to witness the Ladies' Hockey International—England *v.* Ireland—at Richmond last Wednesday. The first half—during which England scored 4 goals to 2—was fairly even; but although the Irish forwards made some dangerous rushes, they lacked the cohesion of the English five, who, well served by their half-backs, had many opportunities of displaying their skill at combined passing and quick work in the circle. In the second half, England scored thrice to their opponents' once, and so won by seven goals to three. Miss Evans, their centre-forward, not only proved her capacity for goal-getting by hitting four out of the seven goals, she was always in the right place, and in this way kept the whole line of forwards well together. The men's International between the same countries followed on Saturday at Bromley, and here again England was successful, after a very disappointing display by Ireland, by 5 goals to love. The Irish half-backs were weak both in attack and defence, and had it not been for the fine goal-keeping of Duddy (who came in at the eleventh hour *vice* Holmes) England's score would have been about doubled. The English forwards were all good, but I notice that for next Saturday's match against Scotland, Logan comes back into the team in place of Draper.

The Varsity Boat Race

CAMBRIDGE, THE FAVOURITES, WIN BY 4½ LENGTHS



The Two Crews at Hammersmith Bridge: Cambridge leads by a length and three-quarters

The boat race on Saturday was rowed in stormy weather, the water being very rough between Hammersmith and Chiswick. From the start, however, Cambridge led easily, and had they liked could have won by many more lengths than was actually the case

Mrs. Bradbury

Miss Gladys Baly (the organiser)

Mr. Byam Shaw

Mr. Dion Clayton Calthrop

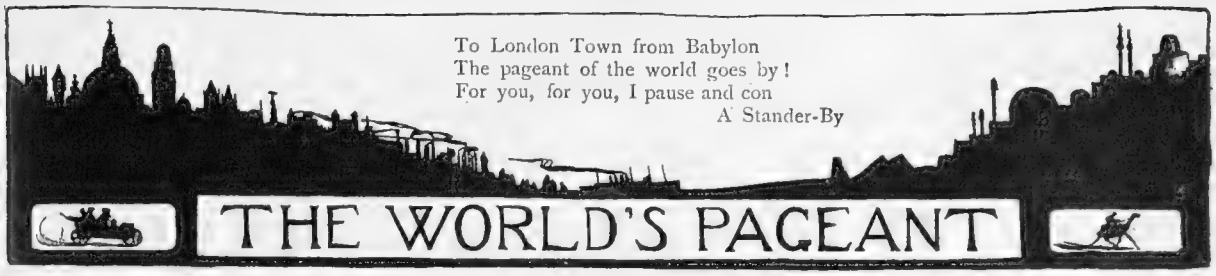
Mrs. Lewis Baumer

Mr. Walter Emanuel

Mr. Stark Wood

MI-CARÊME IN LONDON: THE ARTISTS' FANCY DRESS BALL AT COVENT GARDEN

The dance was the first large function of its kind held in London, and now that success is assured one may look upon it as an annual event. The dresses were very good [By Lewis Baumer]



The Prince at Knowsley

The Prince of Wales leaves Marlborough House to-day for Knowsley, where he will be entertained by Lord and Lady Derby for the Liverpool race week. He will be present at Aintree on Friday to see the race for the Grand National.

* * *

The Irish Industries

The already famous ballroom of the Ritz Hotel is this week (yesterday and to-day) the scene of the most fashionable Charity Bazaar of the year. The Royal Irish Industries Exhibition and Sale has somehow succeeded, as things Irish have a way of doing, in squeezing itself into a warm corner in the hearts of the charitably inclined. Royalty, for the cause, does not hesitate to turn saleswoman. Irishwomen, who seldom leave their native "countree," journey across the sea to take active part in the proceedings, and, if only to see what Ireland can do in the way of charming women, all London turns up at the annual sale with commendable regularity and ready charity. Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, is this year helping Lady Erne at her Irish Distressed Ladies' stall; Lady Mayo superintends the work of the Royal Irish School of Art Needlework; Lady Lucan has a stall of Castlebar tweeds; Lady Kerry, Countess Grosvenor, and Lady Ribblesdale are in charge of the famous Irish knitted goods; and the lace stall is, as usual, in the hands of the Marchioness of Londonderry and Lady Bective.

* * *

Lovely Lace

Lace, indeed, forms one of the most tempting of the many tempting "industries" emanating from the Emerald Isle. Last year, an exquisite piece of rose-point at this sale fetched some 400 guineas, and was originally copied from a piece in the possession of Queen Alexandra, whose lace, by the way, is valued *en masse* at between £70,000 and £80,000. Her Majesty's sister, the Dowager-Empress of Russia, who often wears the old-fashioned lace lappets which form the regulation head-dress at the St. Patrick's Ball at Dublin Castle, has a very fine collection of rare lace, and so, too, has the Empress Eugénie; but all Royal collections are outdone by Mrs. Vanderbilt, Junr. Her lace is valued at over £100,000. (Moral: if fond of lace, marry an American millionaire, not a King, or even an Emperor.) But there is one

Photo *Kate Pragnell*	*Photo* *Lafayette*	*Photo* *Ernst*
Lady Henry Fitzgerald	**The Countess of Fingall**	**The Countess Waldegrave**

The Irish Industries Exhibition opened at the Ritz on Tuesday the 19th, and remains open until the 21st inst.

THREE PATRONS OF IRISH INDUSTRY

Polo Ponies on Show

collection, and that a masculine one, which beats even Mrs. Vanderbilt's. It is that of His Holiness the Pope. Its value is estimated at something like £200,000. It is kept in cedar-wood cabinets in the Vatican, and as it is the custom of the Royal and noble Catholic families of Italy, Spain, and Austria to present their bridal lace to the Church, the collection is an ever-growing one. The latest addition, I believe, is the veil worn by Queen Victoria Eugénie at her marriage to the King of Spain.

* * *

Some More Saleswomen

The Dowager Ladies Dufferin and Ava, and Arran, Lady Henry Fitzgerald, Lady Castlereagh, Lady Headfort, Lady Fingall (daughter and co-heiress of the late Mr. Burke, of Danesfield, Co. Galway), and Lady Waldegrave are amongst the many ladies who are giving practical proof of their interest in the Irish Industries, and Lady Henry Fitzgerald, Lady Fingall, Lady Mayo, and Lady Waldegrave have all been kind enough to allow me to publish their photographs in this connection. It will be remembered that Lord Waldegrave was, last year, one of the prime movers in the revival of the rifle-shooting match between the Lords and Commons. Lady Waldegrave is her husband's cousin. She has three children, but her son, Viscount Cheriton, has always been something of an invalid. Lord Waldegrave's enthusiasm in the matter of Rifle Clubs knows no bounds, his own first experience in rifle-shooting having been at Eton in the days when Volunteers were feverishly getting into practice in view of the supposed schemes of the third Napoleon for the invasion of *la vieille Angleterre!*

Photo *Debenham and Gould*

Mr. Tresham Gilbey

Retiring President of the Polo and Riding Pony Society's Show, which was held at the Agricultural Hall last week

* * *

The Polo Pony Show

To people interested in polo and riding ponies, last Friday and Saturday were important days. The Polo and Riding Pony Society's Show took place at the Agricultural Hall, and on Friday evening the Society's annual dinner was held at the Hôtel Métropole, under the presidency of Mr. Tresham Gilbey. Mr. Gilbey, who is a son of the veteran Sir Walter Gilbey — perhaps the most enthusiastic horse-breeder of his day—is the editor of *Baily's Magazine*, and is on the Polo Committee of Hurlingham Club. Like his father, he is an all-round sportsman; unlike his father, however, he

The Polo and Riding Pony Society's Show: The scene at the Agricultural Hall last week

The Show was held this year under the Presidency of Mr. Tresham Gilbey, son of Sir Walter Gilbey

The First Great Flat Race

The Race for the Lincoln Handicap: Horses passing the Grand Stand

The Lincoln Handicap, the first great flat race of the year, was run yesterday (Tuesday)

The "Sharp Set" Busy at Biarritz

Photo *Langfier, 23a, Old Bond Street*

Mme. von Andre

Who, at Cannes, is entertaining a succession of visitors, notably her and her husband's genial young Royal friend, Prince Francis of Teck, who is, it is rumoured, their adopted heir

has always been able to indulge his sporting propensities, poverty not having been his little lot at any time of his life. He is succeeded in the presidency of the Society by the Marquis of Tullibardine, and amongst the many exhibitors at the Show were Lord Middleton, Lord Ribblesdale, the Earl of Leitrim, the Hon. Mrs. Cecil Howard, the Hon. Mrs. Ives, Sir Merrick Burrell, Lord Polwarth, and Sir Humphrey de Trafford.

* * *

Snobbism at Biarritz

Snobbism, according to M. Pierre de Coulevain, the husband of the distinguished author of "L'Ile Inconnue," is becoming more and more marked amongst English people. And if by snobbism is meant an increasing desire by all classes to be thought socially better than they are, and to know socially higher-placed people, then M. de Coulevain "has reason." In Society at the present day, the most marked form of snobbism is that which strains every nerve and every muscle to make friends in high places. Amongst a certain set, the Smart Set in fact, the summit of desire is to be admitted into that charmed circle which gathers, at all holiday times, around the King, and which, containing as it does representatives of many comparatively lowly ranks in life, does not, at any rate, *appear* difficult of access. Appearances, however, are proverbially deceitful, and are, as sensible people should know, in no way to be depended upon.

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Manners! Manners!!

At Biarritz, this Smart Set (which might well be re-named the Sharp Set) is having a strenuous time, and has had to be publicly reproved. His Majesty has been annoyed, mobbed, and stared at, not by the townspeople, who might well be pardoned a little wholesome curiosity, but by his fellow-guests in the Hotel du Palais, most of whom are, needless to say, passing rich, and more than passing socially ambitious. These people constantly place themselves in the King's way. They stare him out of countenance. They raid his deserted dinner-table, and annex the menus and the orange-peel. They sometimes go so far as to claim acquaintance with His Majesty, such exquisite joy is it to these unutterable snobs to be even snubbed by a Royalty. Anything rather than nothing is evidently their motto. Better be kicked by Royalty than be ignored. They are, I suppose, these impossible people, the natural outcome of a nation and of a society which places wealth before everything, before birth, and worth, and breeding, but they are, none the less, insupportable and detestable.

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Deplorable Vulgarity

They form that Smart Set of which we have heard so much, and which lies, geographically, between the Royal circle and that of the aristocracy of birth and brains and breeding which is one of the nation's finest assets. By the magic of their great possessions they achieve great power, and by the same drossful magic they are irretrievably vulgar and unbearable. In this Set success is spelled m-o-n-e-y. Beauty is sold for what it will fetch, and honour, dignity, and truth are the cast-off remnants of a finicky civilisation for which they have no use. It (the Set) has two ambitions—the one is to be recognised by and admitted into the Olympian circle which surrounds the King; the other, to go one better than their neighbour; and in this glorious fight their inglorious lives are spent. And these are the people over whom Father Vaughan so wastes his breath. He might well be better employed.

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Anglo-Americans and a Royalty

At their beautiful villa, "Isola Bella," at Cannes, M. and Mme. von André are entertaining a succession of visitors. The Duchess of Devonshire has been amongst their guests, but is now at Monte Carlo, where she awaits the Duke's return in time for the Motor-boat Races next week. Prince Francis of Teck, another visitor who is numbered amongst the von André's most intimate friends, is still at their

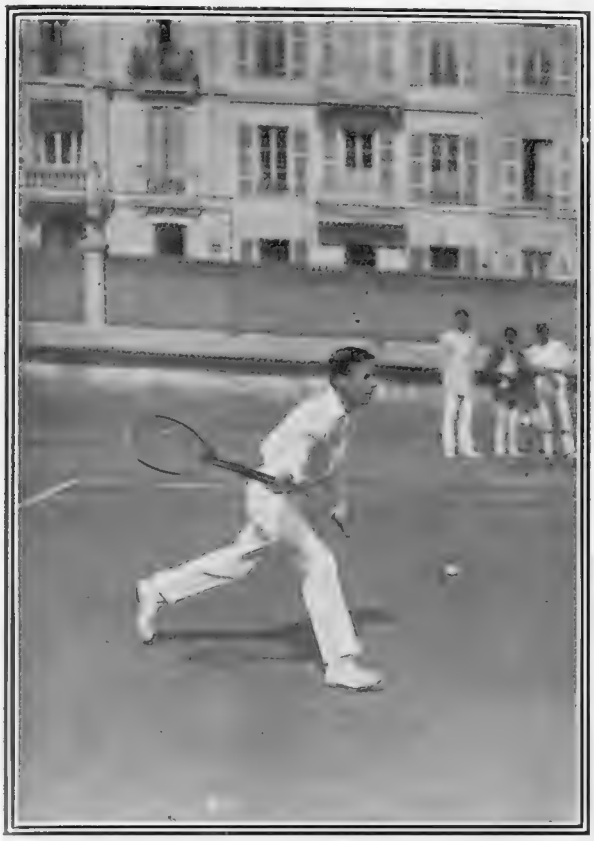
Photo *Lafayette*

Prince Francis of Teck

Who is now at Cannes, the guest of his friends, M. and Mme. von André

Lawn Tennis on the Riviera

SCENES AT THE MONTE CARLO TOURNAMENT



H. L. Doherty going up to volley

Ritchie volleying from the service line

The surprise of the play at the Monte Carlo Lawn-Tennis Tournament was the defeat of H. L. Doherty, the champion, by M. J. G. Ritchie. This is not, however, the first time that Ritchie has been successful in beating the champion, for he has done so before, on the covered court at Queen's Club

Photos *Park*

The Monte Carlo Tournament: A Mixed Double

H. L. Doherty and Miss Eastlake Smith (the ultimate winners) playing Ritchie and Mlle. de Madarasz. Miss Eastlake Smith again won the Ladies' Singles, while H. L. Doherty and Ritchie beat Lowe and Rhodes in the Men's Doubles

An Engagement of Interest

villa, and is to leave only to pay a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Wilson at Maryland, Beaulieu, the Arthur Wilsons being also amongst the chosen intimates of His Highness. Indeed, it is persistently rumoured in Hull, where they ought to know, that he and Miss Muriel Wilson are engaged. Prince Francis, the only unmarried brother of the Princess of Wales, is one of the most popular and one of the most handsome men in London Society. Thirty-seven years of age, he is still a bachelor, and it is three or four years since, having seen some service and attained his majority and a D.S.O., he gave up his commission in the Royal Dragoons.

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A Common Tie

Few of Mme. von André's brilliant, generally musical, parties take place *sans* Prince Francis. They (the von Andrés) intend, I am told, to reside mainly in Paris for the future, and are, therefore, trying to let their London residence. They have no children, and are said to have adopted Prince Francis as their heir. Certainly, the brother of the future Queen of England has of late been doing "something in the City," and certainly, too, His Highness and the popular Anglo-American couple have at least one great bond of union. Both are devoted to music. Mme. von André's concert-parties are always amongst the most perfect of their kind, and, as opera-goers, M. and Mme. von André and Prince Francis of Teck are unequalled in their ardour and constancy.

* * *

A Race-Party at Burghley

For the point-to-point steeplechases to-morrow, in connection with Lord Exeter's Hunt, Lord and Lady Exeter have a big house-party at Burghley House, "by Stamford town." Burghley, next to Hatfield (to which, by the way, Queen Alexandra, accompanied by her sister, the Dowager-Empress of Russia, paid a little visit last week), is, perhaps, one of the most interesting historic seats in the kingdom. The great house contains innumerable mementoes of Queen Elizabeth, but one of the most treasured modern souvenirs is the tiny iron bedstead slept in by Queen Victoria when, as a very little girl, she visited Burghley, accompanied by her mother.

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Elizabethan Relics

The park is thickly planted with trees, dating back to the days of Good Queen Bess, but the lake on the south side of the house, some thirty acres in extent, was laid out by "Capability" Brown. The first Baron was Secretary of State to Queen Elizabeth, and a watch constantly used by her, as well as the thimble with which she worked when staying at Burghley, are carefully preserved; as are also, needless to say, the huge gilt dishes which are the perquisites of the Lords of Exeter as Hereditary Grand High Almoners. Lady Exeter is the only daughter of Lord Bolton; and, though the Exeter town house in Ashley Gardens is a fine one, neither she nor the youthful-looking Lord Exeter are often in London, both being much attached to their ancestral Burghley. Lord Exeter takes keen interest in agriculture and stock-breeding.

Photo *Lallie Charles*

Miss Dorothy Edwardes

The daughter of Mr. George Edwardes, who is shortly to be married to Mr. Cuthbert Sherborne

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Lawn Tennis on the Riviera

The tournaments of Mentone, Monte Carlo, Nice, and Cannes hold a recognised place among the diversions of smart Society, and since lawn-tennis players are but human, they like to feel that, for the time being, their doings are the *raison d'être* of a gathering at which "all that there are of the most distinguished," not even excepting Royalty itself, are graciously pleased to assist. And with it all, there is the delightful feeling that one is on a holiday, and that there are plenty of other amusements besides lawn tennis; whereas in England a day on the courts is too often succeeded by an evening of intense boredom in the depressing atmosphere, say, of a second-rate seaside or provincial hotel. But though the Riviera is a synonym for recreation, it must not be supposed that the lawn-tennis player does not take his (or her) tennis seriously. The very fact that Society comes to look on, and sometimes even to join in the fray, is in itself stimulating, and some of the best play of the whole year is often seen on those hard, true, gravel courts, which some prefer even to the orthodox turf of Old England. Just now Society is only slowly recovering from the rude shock it experienced at Monte Carlo when the English champion, the incomparable H. L. Doherty, was defeated by M. J. G. Ritchie. Many were surprised to learn that Ritchie had done it before (on the covered court at Queen's Club), for on the Continent both the Dohertys are regarded as invincible. And so they are as a general rule; but even a champion of champions is not always at his very best, and this little set-back in a career of triumph has undoubtedly given a zest to subsequent proceedings. There was a risk that the cry, "*Toujours Doherty!*" might become monotonous.

Burghley House "by Stamford Town"

WHERE LORD AND LADY EXETER ARE ENTERTAINING A RACE-PARTY THIS WEEK

Burghley House from the North-West

It was begun by Lord Burghley, Elizabeth's Chief Secretary, and contains many Elizabethan relics. Its collection of pictures and Grinling Gibbons' carvings are also famous

The Marchioness of Exeter

Is a daughter of Lord Bolton, and both she and her husband prefer living at Burghley to their Town house

Photos *Leonard Willoughby and Lallie Charles*

The South Front of Burghley House

Burghley House, the magnificent seat of the Marquis of Exeter, is this week the scene of a race-party, which the Marquis and his wife are entertaining for the point-to-point steeplechases of Lord Exeter's Hunt

The Druce Case: A Grave Moment

Lady Suffolk—Owner

Lady race-horse owners do not abound. Titled lady race-horse owners, both past and present, may easily be counted on the fingers of one hand. Lady Suffolk, *née* Miss Daisy Leiter, and sister-in-law of Lord Curzon, is the latest addition to that little band which includes Lady de Clifford and Lady de Bathe (Mrs. Langtry). At Newbury, the other day, her horse, Friarsgate, won the United Hunts Cup, and as, stung to cupidity by the beauty of the trophy—her American ladyship only recently bought the horse expressly for this race—she was naturally charmed with her victory. Lady Suffolk has not yet, however, even in her own mind, decided whether or not she will continue to race, but a first win, as everyone knows, carries a fatal fascination and encouragement.

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The Druce Case

The latest developments in the Druce case bid fair to bring matters to a crisis. The famous Druce grave, a photograph of which we publish, is, it is said, to be opened, an agreement to this effect having been come to between the contending parties. It may, therefore, even at risk of repetition, be of interest to touch shortly upon the outstanding features of this most interesting case.

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£100,000,000 at Stake

The vastness of the latest claimant's claim is not, perhaps, even yet fully realised. Mr. George Hollamby Druce lays claim not only to the Portland dukedom, but also to the possession of the great Welbeck estates and the London and other properties administered by the Portland trustees and held by Lord Howard de Walden. These almost priceless London properties include such gold mines, in the way of revenue, as Cavendish Square, Portland Place, and Harley, Welbeck, Weymouth, Bentinck, Great Portland, and Holles Streets, and altogether the value of the properties claimed is estimated at nothing less than £100,000,000.

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The Latest Claimant

Mr. George H. Druce, the present claimant, alleges that the fifth Duke of Portland and Thomas Charles Druce, proprietor of the Baker Street Bazaar, were one and the same person. He is the grandson and oldest legal descendant of Thomas Charles Druce, and, therefore, should his case ever be proved, the grandson and oldest legal descendant of the fifth Duke of Portland. The present Duke is a cousin of this same fifth Duke, whom he succeeded. Mrs. Anna Maria Druce, the other claimant, represents a similar claim on behalf of her son, through the second wife of the fifth Duke, but its settlement is, of course, dependent on the validity of Mr. G. H. Druce's contention.

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Photo *Halftones, Ltd.*

The Druce Tomb: Will it be opened?

It is rumoured that an agreement has been come to between the parties in the Druce case to open the family vault. The contention of the claimant, Mr. George H. Druce, is that the coffin supposed to be occupied by Mr. T. C. Druce is in reality empty, that gentleman and the late Duke of Portland being one and the same person

The Mysterious Coffin

The fifth Duke, so the claimants allege, lived a double life. At times he was the Marquis of Titchfield (the courtesy title of the eldest son of the Dukes of Portland), and at other times he was Druce, under which name he carried on a drapery business at Bury St. Edmunds, married and forsook a wife—the grandmother of the present claimant — and altogether led a life quite at variance with his existence as Marquis and (afterwards) Duke. According to the claimants, in the year 1864 he decided to discontinue this Jekyll-Hyde manner of life. He wished to suppress T. C. Druce and live permanently and only as the Duke. He, so they say, accordingly, "buried" Druce in the famous vault in Highgate Cemetery, and it is round this vault, or its contents, that centres the mystery as well as the elucidation of the whole case.

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One Body or Two?

If the coffin of Thomas Charles Druce, when opened, is found to contain, as the claimants allege, lead (or some equally non-human element), then, obviously, the claim becomes one of overwhelming strength. If, on the other hand, human remains *are* therein resting, then it becomes appreciably weakened, though even then not necessarily disproved, for there is such a thing as borrowing a body. To prove anything so melodramatic, however, were an unenviable task, and a lengthy one, to boot, likely to last for generations. Former attempts, however, to open the vault have always proved unsuccessful, the Portland family having invariably successfully opposed the attempt. The present claimant, George Hollamby Druce, was born in Australia. He is a carpenter and engineer by profession, and is the father of six children.

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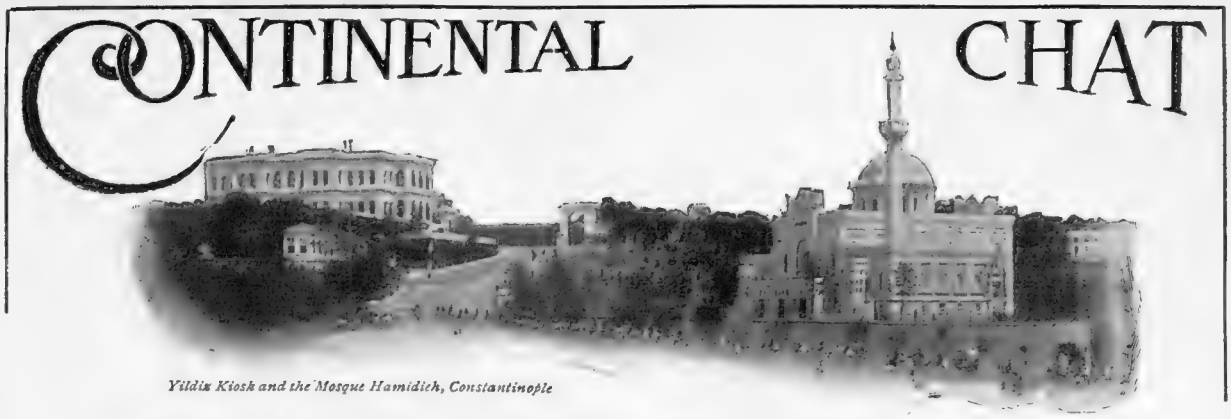
The King's Consideration

The King's consideration for his *entourage* is a well-proved and constantly recurring thing. For some time past, Sir Stanley Clarke, Principal Equerry and Clerk Marshal to His Majesty, has been out of health. Just before the King's departure for Biarritz, Sir Stanley Clarke's physician ordered him abroad, and so the King immediately arranged that Sir Stanley should take his turn at "waiting" during his (the King's) stay at Biarritz. Sir Stanley and Lady Clarke, therefore, are now both at Biarritz with His Majesty, and Sir Stanley, I hear, is already better. During their absence, they have lent the Ranger's Lodge, their residence in Hyde Park, to Commander and Mrs. Colin Keppel.

CONTINENTAL CHAT



Yildiz Kiosk and the Mosque Hamidieh, Constantinople

YILDIZ AND ITS OCCUPANT: ABDUL HAMID AT HOME

The Recent "Interview" with the Sultan

A Constantinople correspondent passes the time of day with the Sultan of Turkey after a recent Selamlik, and extracts from His Majesty a few commonplace civilities! This is given forth to the world, under large head-lines, as an "Interview with the Sultan of Turkey," and blazoned forth as of International moment. Of such stuff is your London journalism now made.

However, it has caused talk. It has, in spite of its own puerility, attracted attention. For the correspondent has so coloured his report of the conversation as to make Abdul Hamid deliver himself of (1) a desire to revive friendly relations with Great Britain; (2) a hint that the recent attitude of Germany in connection with the notorious Fehim Pasha has not been quite all that might have been expected from the Padishah's "only friend."

So far, so excellent—from the point of view of British policy. If anything like a coolness has supervened 'twixt Kaiser and Sultan, as a result of the "Public Prosecutor" tactics of Baron Marschall von Bieberstein, Britain cannot but rejoice. For, as the Tabah incident of last year proved, Germany has found in Turkey a very useful foil against the Anglo-French *entente*, and in Mussulman prejudice a powerful weapon against the British position in the East.

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Abdul Hamid's Way with Strangers

The writer's description of Abdul Hamid as "the popular Sultan," a ruler who is "kindly and refined," however, excites derision among those Turks who have been in longer contact with His Majesty, and I accordingly invited the opinion of a personage once of great influence and position in Turkey, but whose progressive sympathies necessitated his flight.

Abdul Hamid (my informant admits) has a happy knack of making himself agreeable when he likes, and especially to foreigners. Provided you have the necessary credentials for an interview with him, no monarch could be more hospitable. With an invitation to attend the Selamlik, as is notorious, often comes another to meet him after the ceremony at his palace—Yildiz. But when he meets you, he refuses to speak any foreign language, not because he cannot, but because, as his interpreter explains, he "is afraid he could not express himself as graciously as he would like."

Fehim Pasha's American Wife

In view of the removal of the notorious Fehim Pasha from Constantinople, the above photograph of Margaret Fehim Pasha, his American wife, is of exceptional interest. Before her marriage, Princess Fehim was known as Margaret Morgan. Fehim Pasha saw her giving her bare-back riding performance at a circus, fell in love with her, and married her within a week

Who is more hospitable than a Turk? People who go to see the Sultan generally receive some valuable souvenir, to say nothing of the *bon-bons* and other delicacies which are prepared for their special benefit, and to refuse which would incur the terrible wrath of His Majesty. When the Kaiserin was his guest, he presented her with one of the loveliest of the Yildiz roses, and hidden amongst the petals, like a beautiful dew-drop, was a diamond, valued at £4,000. There is nothing he would not have given her, no wish he would not have gratified, save one—her desire to visit the Imperial harem. Although she several times insisted, on this one point he remained firm.

* * *

The Vanity of the Sultan

Of medium height, thin to a degree that terrifies even himself, with prominent cheek bones, large well-formed eyes, and a hawk-like nose, the Sultan to all appearances looks like a dying man; yet how vain he is! Every morning he has his hair and beard brushed with a mixture of Henné and coffee, for there is nothing so disfiguring in his eyes as grey hair. According to the literature of the East, the Emperor should be tall, handsome, and athletic, but as Abdul Hamid's features do not in any way correspond with those requirements, he takes the precaution of never allowing his people to see him. The European visitors who attend the Selamlik are not aware of this desire of his to overawe with his presence; they may not even suppose that this monarch, surrounded by splendour and magnificence, is the least happy of mortals, that for all the oppression for which he is responsible, he is the first to suffer.

The Spiritual Head of millions of Mohammedans,

chief of an army of one million brave soldiers—men who, "because it is written," will accept with tranquility the most horrible of fates—Emperor, Khalifa, Ghazi, Spiritual ruler—there is no end to his titles—yet who in Europe trembles like the dreaded Sultan?

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In Abdul's Confidence

Abdul Hamid honours with his confidence three persons in particular. First, there is his French baker, Micon, who every morning prepares the Imperial bread and rolls. He is present during the whole process of baking, then seals the bread and sends it to the second privileged person, the Prefect of the town, whose duty it is to seal it the second time. The Sultan's third confidant is the butler at Yildiz, Kilardji Osman Bey, who presents the substance to His Majesty. It is only at meal-times, directly under the Imperial eye, that the red seals are broken. Then the Sultan dips his bread into the soup, which an instant beforehand has been tasted by the Hasmadar (treasurer), who would be poisoned first, if by chance, in spite of the presence of Micon, the scullions should attempt the life of their master.

* * *

His Fears of Assassination

The Sultan sleeps very little—perhaps for two or three hours in the afternoon he rests at the Imperial harem. But at night! Possessing no settled bedroom, he sleeps here and there, wherever he feels inclined, in dark corners, mostly, with the doors always bolted. Only those who are permitted an insight into what takes place at Yildiz know how many trap-doors exist, even revolving rooms, and unseen closures, which can only be opened by hidden springs. It is generally in one of these "holes," where fancy or fear drives him, that the Sultan sleeps. Then he suddenly wakes, mad with fear at nothing more terrible than the wind whistling through the poplar trees of the park. See him tremble, should a chair or a stool fall to the ground, just like a child or a nervous woman! Who can tell if that night someone will not come and kill him? Perhaps, already, some plot is thickly woven round him! So he must act, and act quickly. Up he leaps, and armed, stands ready for attack. Drawing his sword, he is prepared to suppress the hatred that has encircled him in the gloomy twilight; then he shudders at seeing a figure in a red robe brandishing cold steel—his own shadow.

To know the Sultan is to pity him with all one's heart. To describe his life is impossible; nor can anyone quite imagine it. It is as if a headsman who had executed thousands of mortals, convinced he was playing a rôle of benefactor, suddenly discovered that all his victims were innocent. He feels and knows that he is mistaken, but he cannot go back. The Sultan has suppressed hundreds of his subjects, and his hands are covered with blood. He tries to wash them. Like a leprous man, each day the sores grow bigger, they cover his fingers, his hands, his arms, and his body—his conscience is killing him.

Party Chief's Persecution

M. Franz Kossuth, the leader of the Independent Party in Hungary, is being subjected to such persecution in the Press, virulent articles daily being written against him, as to render his position an impossible one, despite the famous name he bears

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The Sultan's Defensive Methods

Many of the deeds to which his fear drives him will hardly bear repeating. Here are some of them, of the accuracy of which I have the assurance of my informant. A few years ago he ordered some revolvers from an armourer. When they were brought to him he loaded them and placed them on the table. Just then a little Circassian slave, who was favoured with Imperial recognition, entered the room, and, attracted by the bright weapons, she seized one of them, saying, "What is it, Majesty?" "Is this child, too, attempting to kill me?" yelled the Sultan, and seizing a revolver with six balls, he killed the little girl. She was eight years old. Once, too, when a gardener suddenly appeared from behind a rose-bush he was trimming in the Yildiz garden, Abdul Hamid, terrified, shot him dead. Another day, when one of his favourites happened to come nearer to her master than usual, he imagined her intention was to strangle him. She also was shot dead.

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Pity a Poor Minister!

It is no sinecure to be a Minister of H.I.M. the Sultan, however lucrative the salary may be. However well you may serve him, whatever may be your intellectual capacity, the Royal Master is always suspicious. It would be useless for me to repeat the hundred and one little ways he has of showing his best friends how he distrusts them, and when I have told these stories in Europe, people have told me frankly they don't believe them. It was at the feast of Ramazan. The Sultan, according to his custom, had to attend service at the Mosque. One of his Ministers, confined to his room with a temperature of — I forget how many degrees — was forbidden by his doctor to leave the house. "To leave the house will be your death," said the physician. Yet was such a thing possible? The Sultan would have at once noticed his Minister's absence, and imagined him to have been busy with a plot to kill him on his return from the Mosque. The Sultan does not believe in illness; if he suffers, no one knows it. It is a Minister's duty to obey his Royal Master. What does it matter though he die in the attempt?

Miscellaneous Massacres

When one of the Prefects of Constantinople, Redvan Pasha, was killed, a presumable assassin was arrested with his alleged accomplices. But this was not enough. Their families must also perish. So, according to the Sultan's orders, two hundred and fifty persons were arrested and conducted to Arabia, where they were allowed to die of hunger and disease.

Yet, in spite of the Sultan's precautions, many times plots have been discovered to kill him. How does he

Mlle. Dietz-Monin

Whose engagement to M. Francois de Croisset, the well-known French dramatic author, has just been announced

suppress them? Once, I remember, he ordered fifty men, vaguely suspected, to be arrested, and left them in *oubliettes* of the Zapti (Prefecture of Police). All those who asked for their friends were also arrested as accomplices. Thus, to reclaim a dear one, disposed of by the blind brutality of a despotic monarch, was to share his fate. These are some of the actions of the "kindly and refined" Sultan. How can it be expected that this monarch's soul should be aught but leprous when his whole life is steeped in monstrous crimes like these?

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Abdul the Amorous

And his last *amourette* had not cured him. The Sultan had been seriously in love. Three years ago he almost worshipped a beautiful young Circassian —a slave, like most of the inmates of his harem. He willingly gave her his whole heart, but she did not appreciate it. Poor little girl! she was only sixteen. For many weeks Europe was astonished at the Sultan's indifference. He neglected his business, he forgot politics, his Armenians, his Macedonian troops—everything; behold him, the Supreme Khalifa, at the feet of a beautiful maiden!

The Sultan's pleasures are few. Extremely fond of the theatre, he has his own constructed in the Palace, and there he listens to many operas, *Traviata*, *Trovatore*, and *Faust* being his favourites; but he detests classical music. Sometimes he tries his hand at making pottery; he rides, rows on the park lake, and drives a little engine on the rails which have been placed along the park paths.

Whenever the Sultan sees a lady to his taste—for he is the only Turk before whom Turkish ladies are allowed to raise their veils—he informs the Treasurer, and the desired one is brought adorned to the Royal lover's chamber. Very often these poor girls are forgotten after one day's reign, and dishonoured for the rest of their lives by this disgraceful slavery. The Sultan has four legitimate wives, and as many others as he pleases; there is absolutely no limit to the number. Sometimes he suddenly falls in love, or thinks he does, with an old favourite, and the attack may last any time from one day to two or three months. He has one daughter, of whom he is particularly fond—an intellectual, cultivated woman, the only person who has ever influenced the Sultan; yet, through no fault of her own, her life has been one long and terrible tragedy.

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The Approach of the End

Although, without doubt, the Sultan is slowly dying, the hour has not yet come to speak of his successor. The last chapters of the "Vie Rouge" have yet to be completed. Yet the Sultan is a personality, a person with a fertile and cultivated mind, powerful in its nervousness, as well as in its madness for persecution. When this man's life will have ended, it is extraordinary how soon he will be forgotten; his life, with his five hundred wives, his massacres, his cruel decrees, his solitary walks at Yildiz—all this

Photos *Boissonas and Taponier*

M. Francois de Croisset

Who is to marry Mlle. Dietz-Monin, has come to the front very rapidly as a dramatist of considerable skill. His first play was staged only two years ago, and his latest piece, *Paris-New York*, is about to be produced by Mme. Réjane

will disappear with him, and the pages of his life, written with blood, will be closed with his eyes for ever.

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The Late M. Casimir-Perier

The death of M. Casimir-Perier removes another of the great actors in the Dreyfus drama. M. Casimir-Perier came from a family of statesmen. His grandfather was leader of the Opposition at the accession of Louis-Phillipe, afterwards becoming Premier, while his father was at one time Minister of the Interior. The late ex-President served with distinction during the Franco-German War.

The PLAYHOUSES

By ERIC CLEMENT SCOTT

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE

"John Glayde's Honour"

Shortly after the production of his first play, *The Walls of Jericho*, Mr. Alfred Sutro, in a brilliant speech at a dinner given in his honour, told the audience that for eleven years he had been knocking at the door, and the managers had refused to open it. An interesting supposition arises. Would Mr. Sutro have been compelled to wait so long in the cold had he carried the MSS. of *John Glayde's Honour* under his arm? In justice to the discernment of managers, the answer must be in the negative. *John Glayde's Honour* is obviously the work of a man who has had a meed of success, who has learned much from the rehearsing and the production of previous plays.

The new play marks a tremendous advance in Mr. Sutro's powers. It is the work of a man who feels confidence in himself. The skill which the dramatist has acquired is shown at every turn; in the sure touch with which the characters are drawn; in their clash of individuality; finally, in the moral which the play points. The play is a brilliant exposition of the erring wife's progress. Her husband, John Glayde, is so absorbed in making money in America that he leaves his wife to her own devices—in Paris.

Photo Lallie Charles

Miss Eva Moore

Now playing Mrs. Glayde in *John Glayde's Honour*, at the St. James's Theatre

A Striking Finale

He returns too late to save his honour. With rare skill, and with many a fine touch, the dramatist apportions their due share of the blame upon his two principal characters. He simply draws life as it is, and points his moral by working out the consequences which befall husband and wife who fall into two different errors. The last chapter of the wife's progress is bitter indeed. John Glayde enters the studio where Trevor Lerode and his wife are making final preparations for their flight. He makes no appeal to his wife; he does not upbraid her lover. "Take her," he says, "and help her to lie and betray no more." Exit John Glayde, slamming the studio door. This most effective finale has aroused a storm of discussion. The hotheads, before rushing into print, should recall the fact that John Glayde has already given his wife one great chance. When first he learned of his wife's unfaithfulness, he is filled with pity. He will take her back. But he will show no mercy to her lover. Lerode cannot escape death from Glayde's revolver, which he always carries. The wife, in terror at the fate which must overtake the man she loves, simulates repentance for the wrong she has done her husband. She falls upon his neck, "My lover and my husband," she cries, and would fool him into remaining in their flat until she had time to escape with Lerode. For this further sin there is no forgiveness. His wife must be left to work out her own damnation.

Real Men and Women

Mr. Sutro has broken clear away from the conventionality of stage types. His story is as old as the hills, but the characters are on a high artistic plane, far above the good stage husband, the erring stage wife, and the scheming stage lover. The dramatist who sets out to make finished studies of his characters, working in their good and evil qualities in right proportions, is confronted with a difficulty. Unless he be a master of his craft his subtle touches will have the effect of making the outlines of his character blurred and uncertain. The motives for their action will be difficult to follow. What an audience does not understand, it rejects. Many a dramatist has failed to present a clear portrait of his characters in this very endeavour to present all the complexities of their natures. The audience has been befogged by the seeming inconsistencies of the characters. The makers of melodrama have no such difficulties before them. They paint heroes and heroines with pots of white, villains and adventuresses with pots of black. Occasionally, even the makers of plays have little use for the intermediary colours. Not so Mr. Sutro. His palette is as many-hued as the rainbow. Take two of his characters, Christopher Branley, the artist, and Princesse de Castagnary, an American girl, whose views of life have been tainted by association with a blackguard husband. These friends of Trevor Lerode are in the secret of the proposed elopement. What do they do? Encourage her? No; that would be ridiculous. Preach at her? By no means. But they dissuade her from the standpoint of their own morals and principles. The æsthetic Chris relates to Lerode his own unhappy experience of running away with a married woman. He got so bored that he wrote the husband an anonymous letter giving him the whereabouts of his runaway wife! Again, the Princesse, on her part, tackles Mrs. Glayde by presenting her own loose life as a warning example to the wife who is about to make such a grievous

"John Glayde's Honour"

at the St. James's Theatre.

MRS GLAYDE AND HER ARTIST LOVER (MR MATHESON LANG)

MISS HELEN FERRERS "LADY LERODE"

GEORGE ALEXANDER AS JOHN GLAYDE"

MR MICHAEL SHERBROOKE

N.M.M

MRS GLAYDE REFUSES TO TAKE ADVICE

MISS EVA MOORE

"THE PRINCESS" MISS WATSON

MR NORMAN FORBES

MR GRAHAM BROWNE

SKETCHED BY *NORMAN MORROW*

mistake. Thus does Mr. Sutro show the good side of his undesirable characters. Lerode himself is most ably drawn. John Glayde questions Howard Collingham about Lerode. Collingham, drawn to Lerode, and fully conversant with the state of affairs, is yet forced to admit that Lerode is a thoroughly good fellow. In fine, the characters in the play are flesh and blood men and women, not stage puppets stuffed with sawdust.

Concerning the Players

As John Glayde, Mr. Alexander makes no attempt to disguise his charming personality. In stage parlance, he plays the part perfectly "straight." He is gay and grave, lively and severe, by turns. Never for a moment does he suggest the type of American financier, the "King" of various industries, which Mr. Sutro has drawn. There is no American accent, no curt businesslike manner, not one of the many characteristic touches which might have been adopted to make John Glayde live for us as an American financier. In one scene we are made to feel the lack of "character" in Mr. Alexander's playing. John Glayde's secretary, Michael Shurmar (as played by Mr. Michael Sherbrooke—a cameo indeed) rushes on with news of a panic in Wall Street. He presses a sheaf of cablegrams into the hands of his chief, and sits down to take his dictation. All is as unreal as can be. Never for a moment do we entertain the idea that Mr. Alexander's John Glayde is the type of man to deal with a panic. He has neither the air nor the bearing of a financial magnate. But though never the "King," Mr. Alexander is at all times the man and the husband of the play.

Miss Eva Moore gave a wonderfully vivid rendering of Mrs. Glayde. It is an emotional part, well suited to one of our cleverest emotional actresses. Mr. Matheson Lang and Miss Henrietta Watson would be hard to replace as Trevor Lerode and the Princesse de Castagnary. But in front of all stands out Mr. Michael Sherbrooke as the Secretary. Character-acting tells very heavily upon the stage.

Photo Dover Street Studios

Mr. Walter Hampden and Miss Dora Percival

Who are now playing in *The Prodigal Son*, which has been revived at the Adelphi Theatre

GARRICK THEATRE

"Mr. Sheridan"

Miss Gladys Unger has written a pleasant little play which she has been whimsical enough to term *Mr. Sheridan*. I cannot forbear asking "Why not Mr. Smith?" for Miss Unger's hero has little in common with Richard Brinsley Sheridan, orator, Parliamentarian, playwright, but, above all, *bon viveur* and man of the world. A rake may have given up his evil ways, but it is difficult to picture him without a single trace in countenance, manner, or general disposition of the spirit and wildness which characterised his early days. It is difficult to find a standard to judge the overwhelming goodness, beneficence, and benevolence of Mr. Bourchier's Mr. Sheridan. He is the male of the properest spinster that ever lived in Cranford. Soft of manner, gentle of disposition, tender of heart, brimming over with the milk of human kindness, this Mr. Sheridan oozes goodness from every pore. To see him for five minutes in company is to love him for evermore.

Compared with him, Tom Pinch was a rough, sullen person, who wished all his fellow-mortals to the devil. If your faith in human nature has been rudely shaken, you can at once restore it by basking in the sunshine of Mr. Bourchier's Mr. Sheridan—this honest, lovable old fellow, who has been created out of the sentimental imaginings of Miss Gladys Unger. Apart from the amiable license she has taken with an historical character, Miss Unger has done well. She has a pretty knack of writing for the stage, with which she covers up the essential insignificance of her subject. So one follows with interest enough the career of her Mr. Sheridan—his vicarious wooing of Esther Ogle; his vicarious duel with the irate husband, Mr. Rundle; in fact, through all the adventures into which he is led by the simplicity of his nature and the great love he bears his fellow-creatures. Miss Unger's pretty comedy is well played. Miss Alexandra Carlisle is a winsome Esther Ogle. But she must stop that irritating habit of rounding off every other sentence with a chromatic scale of laughter. Three times in the play this infectious laugh would have been delightful, but when repeated three times thirty times it gets on the nerves. In the flamboyant rôle of Kitty Montmorency, Miss Nancy Price scores all the points. Miss Price strikes just the requisite note of exaggeration and affectation. Mr. Sydney Valentine has little to do as Mr. Rundle, but he does that little well. The other characters are unimportant, but mention must be made of Mr. Cyril Keightley, who gives a flavour of villainy well suited to the times and to the rôle of Lord Cray. E. C. S.

THE HIPPODROME

The excellent Hippodrome programme has been further strengthened by several new turns. Bud Snyder performs some very daring feats upon his bicycle; and Mr. Sam Elton is truly a very refreshing comedian, and vastly amuses with his clever foolery. The Chrono-Megaphone is the latest invention in animated pictures, in which sound is combined with action. A novel and interesting advertising scheme is presented during the orchestral interval—it is called "Illusive Cameos," showing two pictures in one. The effects are produced by first throwing light on one and then on the other side of the picture, the shadows thus obtained falling in such a way as to give some really amazing results.

"Mr. Sheridan" at the Garrick

Mr. Bourchier (Mr. Sheridan) and Miss Alexandra Carlisle (Esther Ogle)

The Sheridan to whom we are introduced in Miss Gladys Unger's clever play is not the dashing young wit, orator, and dramatist generally familiar to us, but a middle-aged Richard Brinsley

Photo *Ellis and Walery*

In this weekly series of drawings, the artist, Mr. Dudley Cleaver, illustrates the career of the Gilded Youth of to-day, depicting in each picture

THE MODERN

SCENE THE SEVENTH

The Gilded Youth presents to his p
pained to find that his adoration for

AKE'S PROGRESS

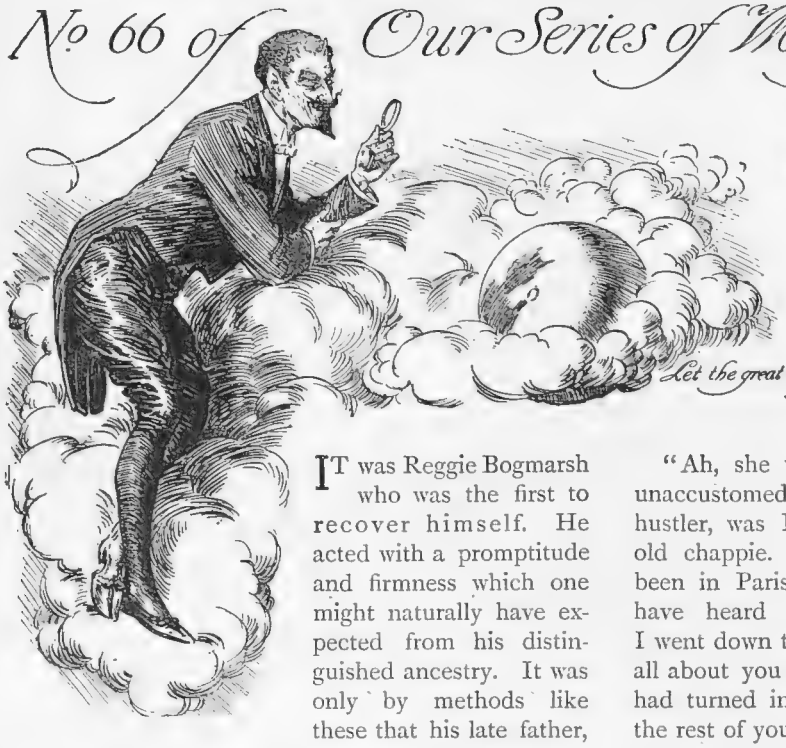
one of the phases through which he passes on his progress through life—a "road to ruin" very different from that of his Hogarthian predecessor two centuries before

BY DUDLEY CLEAVER

nts his bride from the Frivolity, but is
t lady is anything but shared by them

"BACK TO
THE BOARDS AGAIN!"

No. 66 of Our Series of Worldly Short Stories



The Late Lamented

By FRED M. WHITE

Let the great book of the world be your principal study—Chesterfield

IT was Reggie Bogmarsh who was the first to recover himself. He acted with a promptitude and firmness which one might naturally have expected from his distinguished ancestry. It was only by methods like these that his late father, the owner of Bogmarsh's Bitters, had built up his colossal fortune. True, there were enemies of Reggie Bogmarsh who averred that very little of this business foresight had descended to the next generation; but, then, the money had come all right, and that, after all, was the main consideration. For the rest, Mr. Reggie Bogmarsh was a Johnnie of the most profound type. There was not much vice about him; possibly he had not enough brains for that. Besides, most of his spare time was divided between a regular attendance upon his tailor and the stalls of the Frivolity Theatre. These were subjects upon which Mr. Bogmarsh spoke with all the eloquence and authority of an expert. There were occasions, of course, when the strain told upon him, but, for the most part, he lived up to his reputation. To him the stage was what Burke or Debrett are to the feminine snob who regards the Peerage as a work of reverence far in front of the Bible.

Bogmarsh rose from his seat and poured himself out an exceedingly liberal allowance of whisky and soda.

"This is no time for hesitation, old chap," he said. "Don't you think I had better mix you one, too?"

The other man, plunged in gloom, and a saddle-bag chair on the other side of the room, nodded despairingly, for a great cloud seemed to hang over the existence of that spoilt child of fortune who was known to men as the Earl of Dunchester, and to his intimates as Teddy. For the most part, he was practically a counterfeit of his friend, with exactly similar tastes and intuitions.

"Don't make it too strong," he murmured.

"What does it matter how strong it is?" Bogmarsh said recklessly. "It seems to me, my dear chap, that we are up against what one of those newspaper Johnnies calls a crisis. And so you really mean to tell me that you have gone and actually engaged yourself to Belle Brassington?"

"So she says," Dunchester replied feebly.

"Ah, she would," Bogmarsh responded, with an unaccustomed flash of insight. "She always was a hustler, was Belle. And now tell me all about it, old chappie. During the last three weeks I have been in Paris, as you know, and, consequently, I have heard nothing. Imagine my feelings when I went down to the club last night, and they told me all about you and Belle Brassington. They said you had turned into a hermit, and intended to spend all the rest of your life in the cottage on the North coast. Thought they were rotting me at first, don't you know. Then I went to see Belle for myself, and she sent down to say that she was not at home. Rather rough upon a chap, considering that I was engaged to her myself before I ran over to Paris. These are the sort of things that upset a chap, you know."

"I know they do," Dunchester said wearily. "But you never told me. I wish to goodness you had. Of course, I knew that you were very thick with Belle Brassington, but I never cottoned to the girl myself, as you are aware. And no sooner had you gone than she begins to play up to me like anything. Gets me to take her up the river, you know; down to Hurlingham; suppers at the Carlton; and all the rest of it. And then, almost before I am aware of it, the papers are full of my engagement to Miss Belle Brassington of the Frivolity Theatre, and she is going to retire from the stage, and breed prize pigs in the future. The Simple Life, don't you know; that's the game she is on to just now. Upon my word, my dear old chap, it is just like so much hypnotism. Here am I, cut off from all my clubs and all my friends, vegetating in this confounded cottage, and with nothing to do and no one to speak to, devoid of all sorts of amusement, with the exception of the yacht. I tell you I feel a cold perspiration when I think of it. Belle is coming down here on Saturday with that confounded old mother of hers, and I shouldn't be at all surprised if she brings a tame parson along and a special marriage licence in her pocket. She was down here last Saturday with two or three other of the girls, and I am bound to say it wasn't bad fun as long as it lasted. It wasn't all jam on the Tuesday, when the *Daily Herald* came out with a flaming picture of Lord Dunchester and his future bride paddling on the sands. Of course, the whole thing was faked, and got up for my especial benefit. You can imagine how our dear Belle was got up for the occasion."

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Spring and the Camera

MOTHERLESS, BUT NOT FRIENDLESS

Photo *C. Winter-Wood*

(*Continued from page 608*)

Bogmarsh grinned as he sipped his whisky and soda.

"Rather," he sniggered. "A simple, white dress, don't you know, with a sash round the middle, and a big cotton sun-bonnet, showing her teeth. I can see it as plainly as if I had been there."

"You've got it first time," Dunchester groaned. "There was a long interview with the photograph telling the British public how our dear Belle had found the happiness of her life, and how in future she was going to devote her existence to clump-soled shoes and the care of the deserving poor. Egad, to read that article, anybody would have thought that I was a sucking Carnegie! I tell you, old chap, it is just like an evil dream. And the worst part of the whole thing is that Edith Harrington is back in England, and wants to know what the meaning of it all is."

"You don't mean to say——" Bogmarsh began.

"Indeed, I do, old chap. I suppose, to all practical purposes, Edith and myself have been engaged for years. She has got plenty of sound common sense, and, up to now, she has turned a blind eye to my little peccadilloes; in fact, we have a mutual arrangement as far as that goes. But, still, it was a case of *noblesse oblige*, and I suppose I really am fonder of the girl than anybody else I know. But, of course, you can't expect any woman to put up with such an escapade as this. And Edith is coming down to know the meaning of it. She is bringing that old dragon of an aunt with her, and, between the two of them, I look like having a rosy time of it."

"Coming on Saturday?" Bogmarsh exclaimed.

"That's the little game," Dunchester groaned. "Lord, how I should have laughed if it had happened to anybody but myself! Both forces are due on Saturday, so you can see how I am situated. Can't you think of any way out of it, Reggie? Is there nothing that you can do to help me?"

Bogmarsh pondered the question over a second, and more liberal supply of whisky and soda, with almost a thoughtful expression on his vacuous face.

"Upon my word," he said, presently, "you are not worth helping, don't you know. You knew perfectly well that when I went to Paris Belle Brassington was engaged to me."

"What did you do it for?" Dunchester asked him, confidently.

"My dear chap, it is *the* proper thing to do. After all's said and done, it is the easiest thing in the world to be the best-dressed man in London. You have only to hire a good valet and leave the rest to your tailor. There are scores of us exactly alike, but it is only one man out of a couple of thousand or so who has a distinguished privilege of being engaged to a girl like Belle Brassington. Think how the chaps in the club envy one. Think of all the paragraphs you get in the papers. Upon my word, it is the next best thing to being a popular actor."

"But she is so vulgar," Dunchester said, dispassionately.

"Oh, I am quite prepared to admit that," Reggie said, in a detached tone of voice. "Belle is vulgar. But, then, considering that at one time she got her living in a laundry, you can't expect anything else. She is frightfully ungrammatical, too, and her language in moments of excitement is distinctly open to criticism. You see, when a chap is in the full flush of love's young dream, it comes as a shock to see the girl of his choice drinking champagne out of a celery glass. Neither is there much humour in pouring a custard down a Johnnie's shirt-front. Still, all these little things are the penalties of greatness. You couldn't be the husband of a girl like Belle Brassington without having certain inconveniences to put up with. You can see that for yourself."

Dunchester pondered over this sapient wisdom for a moment or two.

"It couldn't last," he said. "You would be cutting one another's throats in three months. At the end of that time the incomparable Belle would probably elope with some red-nosed comedian or ready-money bookmaker, and there would be another nice little scandal."

"Why, of course," Bogmarsh said, triumphantly. "That is exactly what I am counting on. You don't suppose I propose deliberately to live with a woman like that for the rest of my life. At the present moment I am merely Reggie Bogmarsh, don't you know; after the event you speak of, I should be always known as the man who married Belle Brassington. Oh, I am not blind to her imperfections by any means. You need not think I am offended."

"I wasn't worrying myself about that," Dunchester said, candidly. "I am thinking about my own position. I tell you I am a desperate man, Reggie. At any cost, that meeting on Saturday must be prevented. I have racked my brains over and over again, but hang me if I can see any way out of the difficulty."

Bogmarsh rose and paced up and down the room thoughtfully. He helped himself to more whisky and soda; a trail of cigarette smoke followed him as he walked. He looked out of the window of the perfectly appointed dining-room across the tiny harbour, where a steam yacht rode gracefully at anchor. Then the inspiration of his life came upon him. For once he had conceived an idea. In the after years he spoke of it with reverence and affection.

"I have got it, old chap," he exclaimed, excitedly. "The thing is so plain I wonder I never thought of it before. You have got to go away. You have to disappear entirely."

"That's only postponing the evil day," Dunchester said.

"Not a bit of it, my boy," Reggie went on. "You've just three days to do it in, and by that time the yacht will take you as far as the North of Scotland. You are going to meet a friend up there, and during the time you will be the victim of a terrible accident. You are a very good swimmer, which makes matters all the easier. You are going to be drowned, my boy. You are going to fall overboard in the night, and your body will be carried to sea, perhaps never to be found again. This will cause a great deal of excitement, and, no doubt, may cause considerable disappointment to Belle Brassington. But I flatter myself that the girl is philosopher enough to console herself with me in the absence of bigger game like Lord Dunchester. You see what I mean? The thing is as plain as the nose on your face."

A slow grin spread itself over Lord Dunchester's

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A Treat for the Provinces

Photo *Bassano*

Miss Pauline Chase as "Peter Pan," which is now on tour

After three most successful seasons in Town, the London company of *Peter Pan* is now touring the Provinces. This week they are attracting crowded houses at the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, while other towns to be visited include Dublin, Liverpool, and Birmingham. Miss Pauline Chase will be appearing in a new play to be produced by Mr. Frohman in September

(*Continued from page 610*)

aristocratic countenance. There was a new zest in his whisky and soda now; his cigarette suddenly assumed piquancy and flavour.

"Upon my word, Reggie, old chap," he said, with deep emotion, "if ever a man had a friend, why you are one to me. To think that the man I regarded as such a preposterous ass should turn out to be a real genius. It's downright affecting, upon my soul it is."

Bogmarsh grinned, well pleased with the equivocal compliment. Once his mind had started going, it moved rapidly. He went on to sketch the details of his scheme until Dunchester had them by heart. Whereupon they turned with renewed zest and vigour to the decanter, and peace reigned once more.

Early on the following morning the graceful yacht slid out of the little harbour with its bow turned towards the North. With much labour and cogitation two letters had been dispatched the previous evening—one to the queen of musical comedy, and the other to Miss Edith Harrington, both of them, though varied in form, couched in the strongest spirit of hospitality, and a fervent hope that Saturday would not be long in coming. Meanwhile, the writer had had to go North for a day or two, but he would be back in time to receive his guests when they arrived at the cottage.

It was on the Friday night that the first whisper of calamity begun to run round the West-End London clubs. No one knew anything definite as yet, but it was understood that a terrible accident had happened to Lord Dunchester, and that he had been drowned yachting off the North coast of Scotland. A little later the same evening the news was confirmed by a short paragraph which appeared in the evening papers.

So far as could be ascertained, Dunchester had gone ashore to dine with some friends, with whom he had remained till past eleven, at which hour he had set out to return to the yacht in his dinghy, refusing all assistance. There had been no cause for alarm on the part of his friends, seeing that Dunchester was an expert waterman, and that the night was especially fine. From that moment nothing had been seen of the unfortunate nobleman, though the dinghy was found floating bottom uppermost the next morning in the vicinity of the yacht. There were more and elaborate details in Saturday morning's papers, which left no doubt whatever that the unfortunate nobleman had perished in some way which was never likely to be explained. Thousands of people read that paragraph, amongst the rest being Miss Harrington, as she sat over her breakfast, and Miss Belle Brassington, lying in bed after a convivial evening, and sipping champagne and soda-water. Despite the unsophistication of her nature and her Arcadian simplicity, the actress in question had a very shrewd idea as to which side her bread was buttered on. And within half an hour she was ready for her journey to the elaborate cottage where, under happier auspices, she and Lord Dunchester had been destined to lead the Simple Life.

"It's just my blooming luck," she said, cheerfully, to the faded creature in black, who was popularly supposed to be her mother. "All the same, it is no use crying over spilt milk. After all's said and done, I have got Reggie to fall back upon; but there is no reason why I shouldn't have that cottage. I know that Teddy bought it, and that he meant to make me a present of it. Besides, possession is nine points of the law. We'll just get away by the 10.15 train, and settle down there as if nothing had happened."

But there were other people proceeding North by the 10.15 who were destined later on to interfere somewhat with Miss Brassington's pleasant little scheme. Amongst these were the Honourable Mrs. Harrington and her niece, Edith, the latter a tall, rather severe-looking girl, who looked the whole of her twenty-five years, though she was handsome enough in her way for people to wonder why it was that Miss Harrington had never married. She was dressed severely in black now, as also was her escort, and very few words passed between them until their destination was reached. There was a certain tightness about Miss Harrington's lips, a subdued gleam in her eyes, which suggested that the blood of her ancestors was aroused. The cab which conveyed the Harringtons from the station arrived at the cottage precisely five minutes before Miss Brassington and her convoy put in an appearance. It would, therefore, seem that the first tactful move had gone in favour of the party of law and order. With a cheerful smile on her face, despite her elegant mourning, the florid little actress swept into the dining-room with every sign of approval on her face. A discreet butler, scenting danger in the air, had effaced himself as soon as possible.

"How peaceful it all is," the light of comic opera exclaimed. "And to think that poor Teddy had made such a sacrifice as this for me. I declare I feel quite touched."

Somebody moved behind the window curtains, and the slight, erect figure of Miss Harrington came into view. She swept a contemptuous eye over her companion, she noted the suspicious wealth of chestnut hair, the too pink and white shade of the other's complexion.

"Don't you think you had better sit down," she said frostily. "Presently I shall, perhaps, have the pleasure of offering you some lunch. But it is only fair, in the first place, that I should explain to you what an unfortunate mistake you have made."

At the same moment the plump form of Reggie Bogmarsh appeared also from behind the curtains. For once in his life Reggie was upset and ill at ease. His fat, good-natured face was a prey to various emotions. It seemed to the newcomer as if he glanced every now and again with a certain sense of relief through the window to the drive, where a flaming black and crimson motor-car stood as if ready for a long journey.

"Now draw it mild," Reggie implored. "Whatever you do, my dear Miss Harrington, please to draw it mild. Mistakes will happen, you know, even in the best regulated families. And if it turns out that poor Belle has come a cropper over this cottage——"

"I think," Miss Harrington said, icily, "we shall get on much better without you, Mr. Bogmarsh. I quite understand that you mean well, but for the moment I should prefer your room to your company."

"Very well," Reggie said, resignedly. "I have done my best, and if it happens that later on one of you should desire my services, well, then, I will wait outside in the car."

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The Last of the "Berlin"

All that remained of the "Berlin" after the storm

The after-part of the ship, which remained wedged on the end of the pier, and from which the survivors were rescued

Photos *Illustrations Bureau*

Blowing up the submerged part of the wreck

Since it was a danger to navigation, it was found necessary to blow up the submerged bow of the *Berlin* last week. The charge was laid by Captain Sperling, to whom so many of the survivors of the disaster owe their lives. When the explosion took place the wreckage was thrown over 100ft. into the air

(*Continued from page 612*)

With a deep sigh the little man withdrew, leaving the two antagonists face to face. From the very first, to use the choice language of the Turf, there was only one in it. All Miss Brassington's flamboyant chaff, all her florid repartee, was thrown away upon the granite composure of her foe. Gradually the tears rose to the surface, and began to trickle down the artistic picture of her cheeks. A faint, amused smile trembled on Miss Harrington's lips.

"I don't want to be hard upon you," she said, "because I daresay if I were in your place I should act exactly in the same way. Now that our dear Teddy is no more, the time has come for a little plain speaking. As a matter of fact, this is not Lord Dunchester's cottage at all. It belongs to a bachelor uncle of his who is at present shooting big game in Canada. You see, our dear Teddy has been having rather a rough time of it on the Turf just lately, and I suppose this idea occurred to him as an economical way of gratifying your very natural passion for the Simple Life. If you are disposed to question my statement, I can prove it to you in a few moments. But come, don't let us quarrel over this thing. Be content with the amount of—er—subsidies which you obtained from Lord Dunchester in other ways. And now may I offer you some lunch?"

The rout was absolutely complete. Utterly heedless of her dresser, Miss Brassington dabbed violently her cheeks as she rose to go. Outside, Reggie Bogmarsh stood patiently waiting in the big motor-car. His little grey eyes took in the situation at a glance.

"Well, you are done, for once in your life," he said, cheerfully. "I only found out all about it this morning. I would have told you if I could, only you did not give me an opportunity. And now, don't you think you have been a bit rough on me?"

"Perhaps I have," Miss Brassington said, as she dried her eyes. "And you are not a bad sort after all, Reggie. Did you bring that car on purpose for my benefit, because, if you did——"

"Oh, that's all right," Reggie smiled. "I have had one or two inspirations lately, and this is the most brilliant of the lot. Regular ripping idea I call it. Soon as ever I tumbled to it I went off early this morning and got a special licence, so that if you like to jump into the car we can go off to York and get married at once. We'll take the old woman with us to see fair play, if you like. Now don't you think that's a perfectly spiffing notion of mine? We'll get back to London by six o'clock, and dine at the Carlton in time for the whole blessed thing to come out in the Sunday papers to-morrow. Think of the columns you'll get. Think of the whole thing, with your portrait and mine in the car, and all the rest of it! Now, what do you say? There are few chaps I know who would behave like I have after the way you have treated me."

A smile spread over Miss Brassington's features.

"Right you are, old boy," she cried. "I am ready if you are. After all's said and done, there is nothing like having two strings to one's bow. And it will be a spree when one comes to think of it."

. . . . . .

Of the miraculous escape of Lord Dunchester from drowning, the daily Press is the best and most faithful chronicle. Reggie Bogmarsh has been the proud husband of Miss Brassington for three months now. His ambition has been achieved, and signs are not wanting that he is getting a little tired of his part, but he lives in hopes that before long the red-nosed comedian or ready-money bookmaker will be good enough to relieve him of his thraldom.

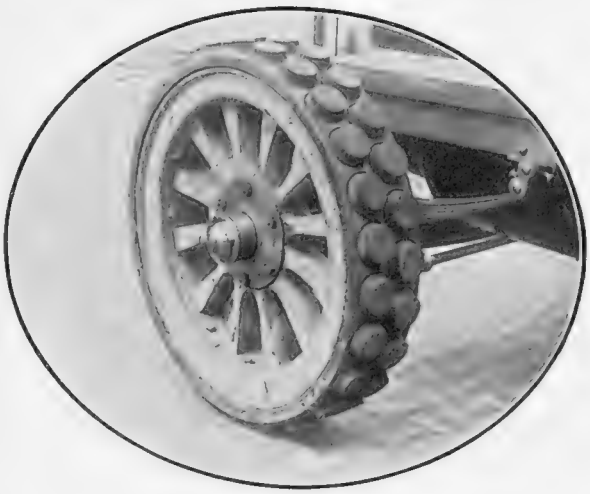
FRED M. WHITE.

A Thousand Guineas for a Bull

Mr. C. F. Raphael's superb young Shorthorn bull, Shenley Victor, who won first prize at the recent Birmingham Show, and was then sold to a South American breeder for 1,000 guineas. This is a record price for sales of live-stock in Birmingham

Some Interesting Motor Exhibits at Olympia

AT THE COMMERCIAL VEHICLES SHOW

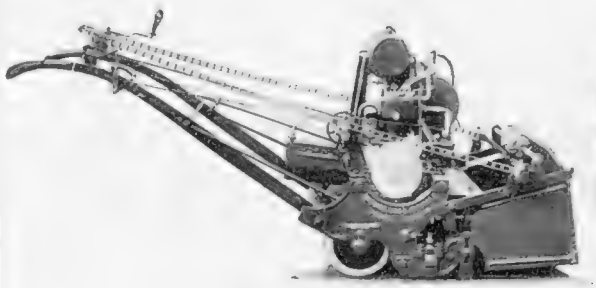


A "non-slip" wheel for heavy vans

Showing the projecting studs on the tyre

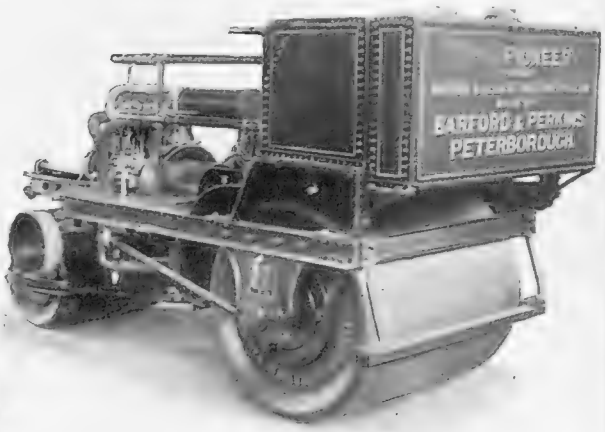
A motor driven by paraffin oil

An 8 h.-p. Sturmey steam-engine delivery van costing £195



Ransome's motor lawn-mower

This machine is 24 inches wide and is fitted with 2¾ b.h.p. petrol motor. Price £75

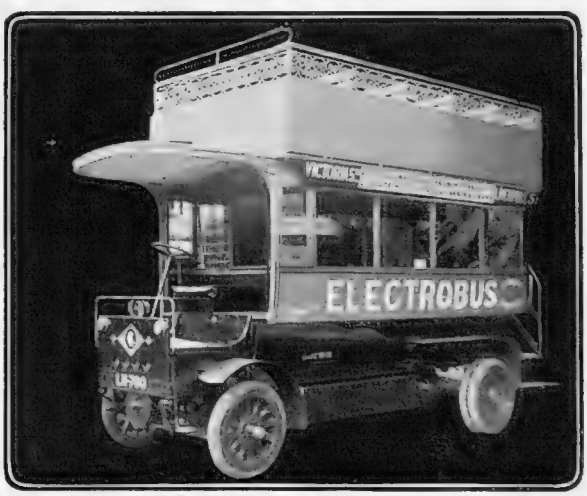


Motor water-ballast roller

"The Pioneer," made by Burford and Perkins. This roller has been adopted by the Jockey Club and Lord's Cricket Ground.

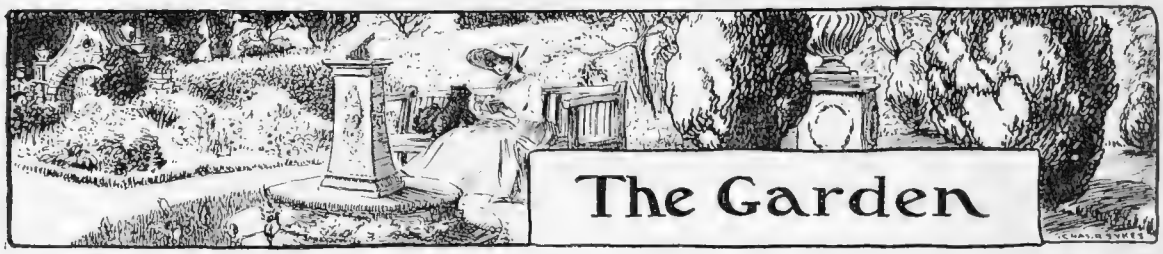
A travelling exhibition

The Darracq-Serpollet steam 'bus, filled with Canadian produce, for touring the country in order to create interest in the Dominion's resources



The Electrobus

Which will shortly be placed on the streets. It has a speed of 12 miles per hour and runs quite silently



Long-Flowering Perennials

One of the most difficult things in the garden is to hide the necessarily artificial arrangement in such a way as to produce a natural effect. In some grounds, as in those at Kilmichael, Arran, this is excellently managed, but only too often we are met by formality at every turn. Even in the herbaceous border the fault is extremely common, the chief reason being a mistaken preference for isolated specimens, or small groups, instead of masses, which inevitably results in spottiness. The idea is to prevent any considerable portion of the border from being flowerless during the summer, but this may be done in other and better ways—by using perennials which have long flowering periods or by sowing annuals to fill up gaps. Many of the best perennials flower for three months, while others, such as rudbeckias, gaillardias, and delphiniums, do so very much longer. There is, therefore, no lack of variety. The range of colour has been greatly extended of late years, as in the case of the wonderfully long-spurred aquilegias raised by Mrs. Scott-Elliot—seed is now offered in at least one catalogue. In the delphiniums, again, there is no need to keep to the ordinary blues, charming as many of the shades are. A white, or nearly white, variety has recently been introduced; and among the species which should be in every collection are sulphureum (pale yellow), nudicaule (orange), and cardinale (scarlet).

Some Beautiful Annuals

The majority of annuals have a shorter period, but they come on so rapidly, and are so bright while they last, that they are indispensable in the garden. Those that were raised in autumn are already a large size, and will be ready to flower in May. If more seeds are sown, the plants will provide a succession of flowers in June and July, and in some cases even later. Among the newer varieties a red eschscholtzia, Carmine King, should prove popular; and a salmon double-flowered godetia (*Schamini flore pleno*) is very handsome, though it badly wants a shorter name. A gladiolus which blooms the first year from seed is certainly uncommon, and if præcox justifies the claim put forward on its behalf, there is sure to be a run on it. Though not really an annual, it is placed among them because it is said to share this habit with them. Among the annual chrysanthemums there have been some notable improvements; the same may be said of the larkspurs, while candytuft has been improved almost out of recognition.

H. C. DAVIDSON.

Garden Novelties

Those who adopt the laborious method of cutting plantains and dandelions out of their lawn with a knife should try West's Weed Extractor. It is a useful tool, saving a good deal of time, and not requiring any kneeling or stooping. Raffiatape, manufactured by the same firm, is a great improvement on raffia, and the ivorine labels are excellent. Weon, an excellent insecticide, may be either vaporised or sprayed, and is deadly to aphides.

Photo] **A well-arranged border of perennials at Kilmichael, Arran** [*Reid*

This garden is an excellent example of a well-arranged border of perennials, for it is one of the most difficult things in a garden to hide the necessarily artificial arrangement in such a way as to produce a natural effect

By Field, Stream & Covert.

TO OUR READERS

We are always very glad to receive photographs of interest to hunting people to publish in the "Field, Stream, and Covert" pages, and for all photographs we reproduce, either a quarter or half-page size, we shall pay **5s.**, *and* **10s. 6d.** *for those used over this size. Photographs, which should be silver prints, must have been taken this season, and each print must bear the sender's name and address, besides full particulars as to when and where it was taken*

A Good Show of Hunters

Last week the show of thoroughbred stallions and hunters at the Royal Agricultural Hall was good all round, and I was glad to see such a satisfactory display in a year which finds Prince Christian worthily filling the Presidency of the Hunters' Improvement Society. His Royal Highness is no mere figure-head in this position; on the contrary, he is one of the most practical members of the Society, and has been closely associated with all the recent developments of hunter-breeding. The judges for the hunter classes were Mr. Anthony Maude and Mr. J. Maunsell Richardson, both first-class men to hounds. The latter, indeed, ranks among the most accomplished horsemen of his time, and it has been well said that his name will never be forgotten so long as steeplechasing lasts.

A Famous Horseman

In the week of the Grand National at Liverpool, it is interesting to recall that Mr. Richardson rode Disturbance and Reugny, the winners of that great race in 1873 and 1874. Disturbance only won after a most exciting struggle with Rhysworth, Mr. Richardson's grand horsemanship undoubtedly being a telling factor. Reugny scored rather more easily, but taken all round he was inferior to Disturbance. But for bad luck the same rider would probably also have won the National of 1872, when he was on Schiedam, considered by Mr. Richardson to have been the best 'chaser he ever crossed. But at Liverpool he jumped on to a prostrate horse, and victory rested with Casse Tête, quite one of the worst animals that ever won the Grand National. To this day Mr. Richardson retains his fine form in the saddle, as those who see him riding very prominently to the front with the Cottesmore, Quorn, and neighbouring packs, will acknowledge. His wife, Victoria Countess of Yarborough, can also hold her own across country, and it may be recalled that she filled the Mastership of the Brocklesby Hounds during the minority of the present Lord Yarborough.

Photo *Whitlock*

Mr. Gerald H. Hardy, the Master of the Meynell Hounds

After eight seasons in the Atherstone country, Mr. Hardy went to the Meynell in 1903, and is a most popular Master. Years ago he was an accomplished polo player

Recent Sport with Hounds

Although the fine sport which was enjoyed by followers of hounds at the beginning of March has scarcely been maintained during the past few days, there has really been little cause for complaint. A blustering wind and a glaring sun are conditions which do not make for breast-high scent, yet at times hounds have been able to run exceedingly well, and in some respects this is proving the best month of the season. Among the packs which have been scoring freely may be named the Meynell, which, under Mr. Gerald Hardy, have maintained their reputation as one of the finest packs in the kingdom. Certainly, there is no Hunt whose horses and general "turn-out" are superior to those seen in the Meynell country. Our photograph of the hounds and some of their prominent followers was taken at the meet at the Kennels during the present month, when Mr. Hardy welcomed a very large field. The day was noteworthy for an excellent gallop, hounds hunting a fox from Alder Carr for an hour and thirty-five minutes. Dead-beaten, their quarry managed just to save his brush by getting to ground at Harehill Park.

The Late Lord Penrhyn

A notable sportsman was lost last week by the death of Lord Penrhyn, who was especially well known in the racing and hunting worlds. His colours were familiar on the Turf, and of the many good horses he owned the late peer was probably fondest of Noble Chieftain and that stout-hearted performer, King's Messenger, who, in addition to the Goodwood Cup, won for Lord Penrhyn the Great Metropolitan Stakes at Epsom in two successive years, and was only beaten a neck in the third year! That is the sort of horse who endears himself alike to his owner and the public, and King's Messenger was a rare favourite. The late peer hunted the Grafton country for nine seasons, and there never was a more successful or more popular Master of the

Photo *Whitlock*

The Meet of the Meynell Hounds at the Kennels this month

Under the command of Mr. Gerald Hardy, these hounds are maintaining their reputation as one of the finest packs in the kingdom. After the meet depicted above they had a noteworthy run of an hour and thirty-five minutes with a gallant fox from Alder Carr

famous pack, with the possible exception of his own son, who has succeeded him in the title. Lord Penrhyn had old Frank Beers as huntsman, and the combination was wonderfully strong. Many brilliant runs were enjoyed, and on one memorable occasion hounds hunted their fox to Ravenstone and killed him in the village grocer's shop amid a scene of indescribable confusion. The agitated old lady who kept the store was handsomely compensated by Lord Penrhyn and Lord Spencer, who, in addition, purchased all the oranges and biscuits in the shop.

The Boom in Shorthorns

Although the drought in the Argentine is likely temporarily to affect the great prosperity of that country, the South American breeders continue to give top prices for the best stock procurable, whether horses, cattle, or sheep. Their latest acquisition is Mr. C. F. Raphael's Shenley Victor, a superb young Shorthorn bull which won first prize in his class at the recent Birmingham Show. Offered at auction, Shenley Victor realised 1,000 guineas, by no means a record price for a Shorthorn, but never exceeded at Birmingham. The present state of the Shorthorn breed in England is eminently satisfactory. Every year new herds of the best type are being formed in all parts of the country, and the experts tell us that the fear of losing that style and character always associated with the Shorthorn has led breeders once more to seek those old strains that were so famous and made such high prices thirty years ago. A. W. C.

Fly-Fishers Preparing

Although, in spite of the bitter weather, many salmon have already fallen to the angler's skill — notably a brace over 20 lb. each on the Herefordshire Wye—it can hardly be said that the fly-fishers' season has commenced generally. Many anglers have been waiting, snowed up, for weeks in Scotland, and the majority are waiting for, at any rate, a glimpse of Spring. But the interval is well filled in by those pleasant reunions of anglers which take place at this time of the year, one of the pleasantest of which is always the annual dinner of the Fly-Fishers' Club. The first annual dinner of the club was presided over by the Hon. Sir Ford North; that was in 1885. On March 7 another judge, the Hon. Sir Charles Darling, presided, and amused the company with anecdotes of his angling adventures—his lordship was evidently a bit of a poacher in early life. He said he supposed the attraction of fly-fishing to many was because it is in itself such an unlikely and improbable method of catching fish. One never begins to try to catch fish with a fly; so far as his experience went, you begin with time! When Mr. Choate was American Ambassador here, he presided one year at the Fly-Fishers' Dinner. He, too, pretended that he knew very little about fly-fishing, so the club presented him with a lovely salmon fly in hopes of hooking him—it was dressed to represent the Stars and Stripes! To Sir Charles Darling they presented, with the same object, a fly called by his name—a handsome, deadly looking fly it was—made of silk and stuff, with purple and ermine body, a feather in it from the "black cap," and just one turn of hemp under the neck. No doubt, when his lordship tries it, it will do great execution.

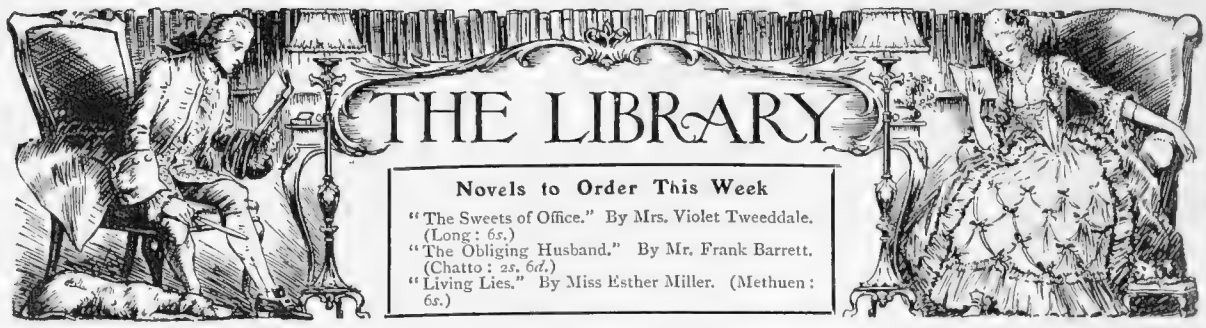
R. B. MARSTON.

The Success of Chameleon Oil

When you get men like Mr. Walter Buckmaster, the best polo player of his time; Mr. Harry Whitworth, the hard-riding Master of the Westmeaths; Mr. H. J. Cove, the well-known Epsom trainer; and Jack Brown and Frank Dare, the famous huntsmen, all speaking highly in praise of Chameleon Oil, you may take it for granted that the remedy is something out of the common. It is claimed that Chameleon Oil is the only liniment that positively locates and cures lameness in horse and hound, and we have heard of some remarkable results from its use.

A Pretty Bend on the Tweed

(Reproduced by courtesy of Messrs. Hardy Bros., Alnwick)



A Fine Political Novel

Such political novels as have come forth since the great Parliamentary upheaval of January, 1906, have failed of effect because too, too cautious. It is good, however, to find that the Disraelian faculty is not altogether dead in the land, and that there is at least one author who has the courage to weave a story introducing live political issues and characters from the actual arena, which is told with both intelligence and a prophetic sense. In *The Sweets of Office* (Long: 6s.) Mrs. Violet Tweeddale does not attempt to disguise her characters save than by nomenclature. The hero, Sir Grantley Selwyn, is a portrait to the life—the young and brilliant member of a great family—son of a famous but erratic statesman—who, foreseeing that the Tory ship was about to sink, seized the opportunity of crossing to the Liberal side, as a result of which he gets high office. The theme of the book is to show how great is the hypocrisy of a man, by heredity and instincts Conservative, associating himself with Radicalism. Temperamentally, according to the author, the Tory is nearer akin to the Socialist. Selwyn is prompted by ambition and pique to desert the "old gang," but only, in the *dénouement*, to discover how little is his sympathy with his newer associates. The study of Selwyn's psychology is masterly, and shows the author to possess so intelligent a grasp of political issues that, really, I think she ought to have a vote. To quote some of the phrases put into the mouths of her characters :—

A Radical should be rich only in reality.

The few aristocrats who sit on the Government benches in the present House come perilously near treachery to their order.

Liberalism and Toryism mean nothing more than hereditary attachment to a side.

It is the man who is possessed of nothing who is a true Radical, heart and soul.

I haven't much sympathy with the middle classes. They're shockingly uninteresting and dull. They don't care a straw about politics, they're too engrossed in coddling their respectability.

That had always been England's little way; she always scolded the foreigner abroad for the vices she perpetrated at home.

The late Mr. C. J. Cornish, M.A., F.Z.S., author of "Animal Artisans"

(From a portrait taken while at Oxford, reproduced by courtesy of Messrs. Longmans from "Animal Artisans")

I should add that Selwyn is married, but too busy and preoccupied for home joys. He sees far more of his secretary than his wife. There are little side issues in the story, social goings and comings, a crowd of aristocratic characters, each, however, drawn somewhat realistically; there is a positively ideal and lovable Socialist, Mark Hazlitt, by whose influence it is, finally, that Selwyn joins the Labourites; and there is Mr. Wickham, a delightful reproduction of a very prominent member of the present Cabinet. There is, too, Lady Randal, for whose identification prizes are *not* offered to readers :—

She called herself a Socialist, was a noted beauty, and the rich wife of a poor husband. Her wealth she owed entirely to her temperament. . . Intellectually, she was absolutely harmless, knowing just enough of her subject to talk utter nonsense.

The Sweets of Office is by far the best political novel of recent years, and one which is as likely as not to provide material for conversation in other than mere literary circles.

"The Obliging Husband"

A charming little old-time story is *The Obliging Husband*, by Mr. Frank Barrett (Chatto: 2s. 6d.) It tells of a young apprentice, Robin Fairfellow, forced, in order to keep his place after the expiration of his indentures, to marry her whom his master has selected for him. The lady turns out to be of coquettish inclinations, and makes constant disappearances into the *entourage* of Charles II., much to the discomfiture of her obliging husband, whose duties are defined by one of his wife's supposed protectors as —

To play the lickspittle or the bully by turns, as his wife inclines—be complacent when she chooses to coquette with Sir Harry Luckless, impudent when it fits her to pose as offended virtue.

Robin, however, proves himself to be anything but a lickspittle. He maintains his dignity and proves himself a real protector and lover of his coquettish wife, who, ultimately, returns to his arms—explaining her dilly-dallyings at the Court of Charles by the fact that Charles himself is not her would-be lover; but actually her——! (For missing word, see *The Obliging Husband*, by Frank Barrett. Chatto and Windus: 2s. 6d.)

Zoological Tit-Bits

The oddities of natural history have had few more pleasant chroniclers than the late Mr. C. J. Cornish, M.A., F.Z.S. One owes, therefore, a debt of obligation to his widow, Mrs. Edith Cornish, for her diligence in collecting her husband's widely read essays in the *Spectator* and *Country Life*, and issuing them in book form. *Animal Artisans* (Longmans) is the title selected, but the reader may as well be reminded that this gives but a meagre idea of the variety of the topics covered in the volume. True, several chapters are devoted to the Labour party of the animal world —*i.e.* to those dumb creatures who are "skilled in any art, mystery, or trade," such as carpenter birds, railroad fauna, road-making animals. Otherwise, however, the book is diverting as well as instructive, and is quite a fund of odd and piquant information. A chapter on "Odd Friendships" tells us beautiful stories of the attachments between widely diversified animal types. One on "Animals and their Clothes" disserts pleasantly on the sartorial aspect of animal life. How many people, for instance, knew that "complete Jaeger suits are now advertised for the use of horses"? That "a really smart Jersey cow would not like to be seen at a show without her luggage—a chest containing not only her sleeping jacket, but her brushes and combs, cosmetics, and horn protectors"! In this connection the late author made the fearsome forecast that "it is not likely that horse clothing will ever be in *less* request than it is now!" In connection with "Bulls and Bull-fights," the late Mr. Cornish made the interesting suggestion that, to ease the emotion of Queen Victoria of Spain, the bulls employed for the grand State bull-fight of the wedding festivities last summer were not of the 'dangerous kind," but another breed altogether.

"Living Lies"

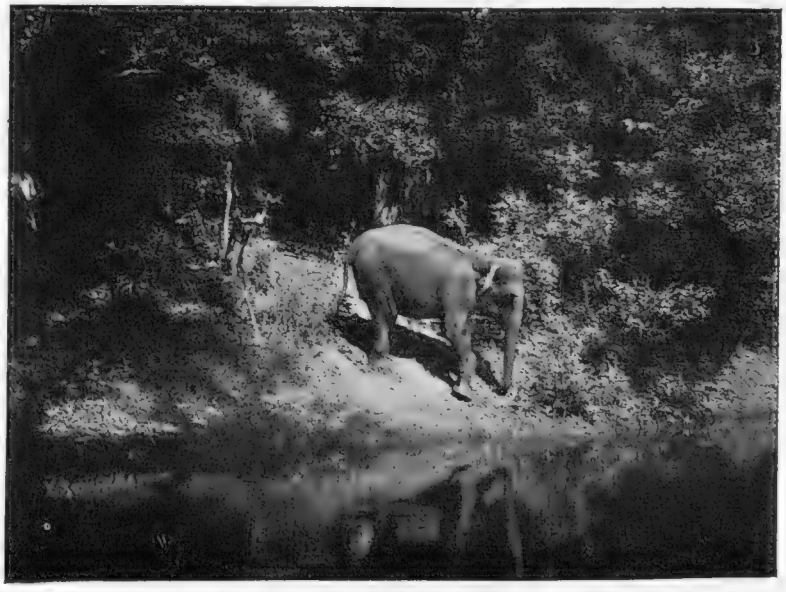
In Miss Esther Miller's *Living Lies* (Methuen: 6*s.*), two men —friends, but rivals in love— are involved in the death of another, the one because "on the spot" at the time of the occurrence; the other because he had a powerful motive for the removal of the deceased. Neither is actually guilty, because the affair was an accident — a tumble down some cliffs. The man on the spot, however, allows the man with the motive to be arrested and sentenced to penal servitude for life for murder (in that deliciously illegal fashion beloved of the lady novelist), because (1) the deceased was his own father (disreputable, drunken, and socially prejudicial); and (2) he, himself, loved the other fellow's sweetheart. Well, the innocent man goes to prison, and the *quasi*-guilty man takes due advantage of the fact and marries the girl. In the usual way, of course, the innocent convict escapes and remains undetected (as, being nice-looking, and the author being a lady, he would be). He is helped in so evading detection by his enemy and betrayer, though that gentleman does *not* confess the truth, but, like Dean Maitland and Brer Fox and other worthies, lies low and says nothing. Being, in other ways, a good and noble man and a doctor, he devotes his life to the cure of leprosy on a distant island. Its sensationalism notwithstanding, Miss Miller's story reads pleasantly, and her people are nice people.

Mr. Sladen and the Vatican

In forwarding a review copy of his book, *Old St. Peter's* (dealing with the history of the Mother Church), Mr. Douglas Sladen writes: "My 'The Secrets of the Vatican' will be out in about three weeks' time. My attitude to the Vatican is one of deep respect." I hope the Vatican is duly appreciative. V. C.

Ceylon as a Sporting Field

Fifty years ago Ceylon was an island of pure delight for the sportsman, but the unlimited possession and use of firearms by the natives soon changed all that. Until quite recently the Game Laws were never efficiently enforced, and the indiscriminate slaughter of deer and other game at one time promised to put Ceylon utterly out of the list of game countries But the island still has many attractions for the sportsman. In *Hunting and Shooting in Ceylon* (Longmans and Co.: 15*s.*), Mr. Harry Storey reveals many possibilities which will set the shooting-man longing. For the shot-gun there are snipe, pigeons, quails, partridges, spur fowl, and jungle fowl; for the rifle, elephants, buffalo, elk, spotted and red deer, leopard, and bears. Among the best chapters in Mr. Storey's interesting volume are those which deal with elephant-shooting. "A very tame sport," some have said, but there is often a large element of danger, dependent in particular on the nature of the beast and the country in which he is met with. With an infuriated elephant charging down on you through the scrub like a tornado, and your gun-bearer bolting for his life with your spare gun, it scarcely seems armchair sport! A. W. C.



An elephant going towards the water

(Reproduced from "Hunting and Shooting in Ceylon," by Harry Storey, by kind permission of Messrs. Longmans and Co.)

Golf Notes and Notions

Winter Faults and Spring Hopes

There have been days during this last winter when only a grim determination to keep his muscles fit and to get exercise has induced the player to venture out for a game on a frozen or sodden course to the accompaniment of a bitter wind or a dank mist. Through that sad period the golfer plods with his mental eye fixed on the blessed moment when spring shall once more restore his favourite course to its proper condition, so that he may once again play the real game of golf under the genial warmth of that coy stranger, the sun. That halcyon moment is now approaching, and marks the true commencement of the golfing season. Soon we shall be in the thick of the spring meetings, and will be able to see how our various favourites among the amateurs are shaping for the great events which in a few more months will be upon us.

Frozen Courses

Now, it is very important for a player who has been ploughing his dogged way through the inclement conditions of the last few months to take stock of himself and of his form. I have a very strong conviction that, though winter play on suburban courses may be very good for one's physical condition, it exercises a distinctly bad effect on one's game. I do not know whether a frozen or a sodden and muddy course is the worse evil. In either case, the ordinary game cannot be played. Let us take the case of a frost-bound course. Driving from the tee becomes extremely difficult, as it is almost impossible to stand firm and keep control of one's feet during the swing. After a few wild shots, the player generally settles down to a cramped and shortened swing and a very much checked follow through. A week of frost will confirm him in these bad habits, which, once acquired, are very difficult to shake off. Again, in approaching he will be unable to make any use of the ground, and will be forced to play his shots quite differently from his usual method. His putting, too, will become careless as he recognises the impossibility of keeping a true line to the hole. Throughout the game his delicacy of touch will suffer, and it will take him some time and a good deal of pains to resume his old style of play.

—And Muddy Ones

Next we come to the case of the muddy and sodden course. Here, again, the player will have to adapt himself to the conditions, and in the process of adaptation will find his usual game deserting him. As in the case of frost, so in muddy conditions the player will become afraid of the ground. His long game may not suffer so much, but his short game is bound to deteriorate. He may start by taking turf, or I should rather say wet clay, but before long he will become paralysed by the vagaries of his mud-covered ball. Then he will try to take the ball clean, and will probably end by topping a large majority of his shots. It is ten to one that, under the stress of these horrors, he will alter his style of approaching, and will discover some inferior and cramped method which enables him to conquer the difficulties confronting him. A few months of this sort of thing will have the most deleterious effect on what he is pleased to call his game. Now we all know how easy it is to acquire bad habits, but how exasperatingly difficult it is to get rid of these horrible parasites.

A Time for Self-Examination

That is why I counsel the golfer to take stock of himself at this moment, and seriously to examine his game in all its departments. If he does not do this he may find himself carrying the bad methods brought on by stress of winter weather into his spring, summer, and autumn play. Seriously, I believe the best thing a player can do is to give himself an interval of rest in which he may forget his faults, and then to come to the links like a giant refreshed and resume the game under its proper conditions. His normal style will return under the altered aspect of things as if by magic.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

The Sundridge Park Golf Links: A view of the course from the Club-house

Within easy reach of Town, the Sundridge Park Club, near Bromley, Kent, has one of the finest courses around London

TREATISE ON OPTIONS

Mr. Arthur Crump, late City Editor of the *Times*, described "Options" as "the most scientific and prudent way of operating on the Stock Exchange." This system of operating, although well known and very popular on the Continent and in America, is not so well known amongst Investors here as its merits justify. We have just published a new Treatise on this subject which will be sent post free on application to THE SECRETARY,

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Bureau de Renseignements à Paris, 32, Avenue de l'Opéra.
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PIANOLA PIANO,

which unites all the advantages of a high-grade piano with those of the Pianola and the Metrostyle.

¶ The great value of the Pianola Piano does not lie solely in its being the Piano which every one can play: of far more importance is the fact that it is the piano which every one can play in the best way possible. Regarded as a piano from a hand-playing point of view it has few equals and no superior, and when played by means of the Pianola and the Metrostyle contained within its case, it affords the performer a repertoire of more than 18,000 compositions. The testimony of the musical world in support of the artistic merit of Pianola playing is overwhelming, every name of note being associated with enthusiastic endorsement. For instance, Joachim says, "Not only does the Pianola play the notes correctly, but the Metrostyle provides interpretations equal to that of an artist." Paderewski says, "I consider the Metrostyle indispensable to the Pianola, and I have indicated my interpretations of several compositions with great interest." The most famous musicians have provided Metrostyle interpretations, and these can be reproduced by any one, so that the Pianola Piano is of the same unfailing interest to the skilled musician as to the music-lover who cannot play a note by hand.

¶ The Pianola Piano can be obtained either as the Pianola Piano (STECK PIANO) in three models or as the Pianola Piano (WEBER PIANO) in two models. NO OTHER PIANO IS COMBINED WITH THE METROSTYLE PIANOLA.

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RACING NOTIONS

THE GRAND NATIONAL. By "CARBINE"

The Chances of the Race

By the time these pages reach the reader the Lincolnshire Handicap will have been added to the things that are past, and the next puzzle before us is to find the winner of the Grand National. A puzzle it certainly is, the difficulties of the situation having been enormously increased by the fact that mishaps have befallen many of the best-known jumpers. Weeks ago I counselled readers not to be in a hurry to back anything; but, in response to several suggestions that a preliminary forecast would be acceptable, I pointed out the chances possessed by Aunt May and Red Lad, and recommended them, indeed, for Lincoln and Liverpool doubles. Alas! the words had scarcely been written before the game old mare who finished third last year broke down, and had to be scratched. Then, when Red Lad's prospects seemed radiant, and he had actually sprung into favouritism, one of his legs gave way and we had to mark him down as a probable non-runner. With these two having so unhappily failed me, Wolf's Folly seemed a worthy substitute, especially after he had so brilliantly won his race at Sandown. But, sure enough, something went wrong with him. He badly strained a tendon, and even if his trainer does succeed in getting him to the post on Friday, many people will be afraid to touch him, knowing that his limbs are not quite sound. Still, I have by no means abandoned all hope in Wolf's Folly, and if Mr. Gorham thinks it good enough to start him, backers will be well advised not to pass him over.

Some Interesting Questions

Having said this much about the "cripples," what of the remainder? Is Drumcree good enough to repeat his former success, or is he too old? Will Ascetic's Silver rival the achievements of Cloister and Manifesto? Will Eremon maintain his present favouritism, and justify his stable's great confidence? Will Timothy Titus, for whom a new jockey has to be found, owing to the suspension of Ivor Anthony, at last delight those supporters who have always believed in him at Aintree, despite his various failures? Or shall we see some terrible outsider roll in at 40 to 1, like Playfair in 1888 and The Soarer eight years later? These are some of the interesting questions which have to be answered by those looking for next Friday's winner. If there chanced to be betting as to which horses will go round without a fall—remember, there are statistics to prove that it is 2 to 1 against a Grand National horse completing the course—Drumcree would certainly be favourite. But the old horse has got very slow, and a horse requires some amount of dash as well as jumping powers to win this race. Ascetic's Silver has been too much under a cloud to be safely recommended, and I think his stable companion, Rathvale, will prove the better of the two.

Can Eremon Win?

We have seen Eremon again since this time last week, and the way he cleared the small jumps at Haydock Park was unquestionably promising; but the race was merely a crawl, and the only information it gives us is that the winner is very fit and well. He has to take on different stuff on Friday, but Mr. Stanley Howard and his friends are extremely optimistic, and I must admit that when they tell you what Eremon has done in his gallops at home their enthusiasm becomes infectious. Indeed, what I have learnt about the horse during the past few days leads me to think a great deal more of his chance than I did when writing last week. He has been substantially backed by people who are not in the habit of throwing their money away, and though the odds about him now are not particularly tempting, I fully recognise that it would be ridiculous to ignore the horse on that account.

Wolf's Folly and the Favourite

A friend in the North, who is a good judge of steeplechasing, warns me to be careful of Kilts, and if one wanted to invest a trifle on a rank outsider I don't think you could improve on this horse. There is little to choose between Ravenscliffe and Extravagance, and it should not be forgotten that the latter beat Eremon at Liverpool in November. But I am told Mr. Howard's horse was not nearly fit then. Contrary to my usual custom, I am giving two selections for this race, my reason being the query as to Wolf's Folly's soundness. However, I cannot leave him out, and, accordingly, I couple **Wolf's Folly** and **Eremon**. I should have gone for the former outright had all been well with him. Red Lad seems to be all right again, and might be back for a place.

The Liverpool Spring Cup

On Thursday the Liverpool Spring Cup will be an interesting race, and I am hopeful of naming the winner in **Whitsbury**. Velocity, if he runs, should be supported both ways. **Old Fairyhouse** will win whichever race he goes for at the meeting, and **Prince of Orange** is my selection for the Union Jack Stakes.

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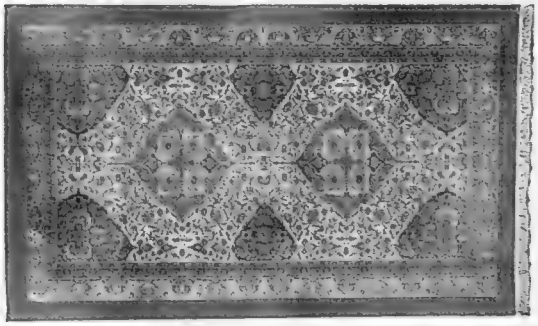

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University Vote Race

Photo] **The Scene during Voting for the Oxford Chancellorship** [*Topical A ency*

The voting at Oxford last Thursday for the Chancellorship of the Oxford University resulted in a victory for Lord Curzon, who polled 1,101 votes against 440 recorded for Lord Rosebery. Amongst the distinguished men who went to vote were Mr. Herbert Gladstone (for Lord Rosebery) and Lords Lansdowne and Peel (for Lord Curzon)

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Automobile Topics.

By COMYNS BEAUMONT

The Motorists' Mecca

They say Brighton is fast becoming bankrupt, the reasons alleged being that "the quality" no longer go there to recruit their health, but travel farther afield—to India, Egypt, South Africa, or the Mediterranean. Other reasons are that the train service is not sufficiently satisfactory for business men. All this may, or may not, be true; but there is no doubt that motorists spend a great deal of money in Brighton. The run to Brighton for lunch and home again for dinner is unquestionably the most popular outing for motorists. On board a 16-18 h.-p. four-cylinder Gladiator, and with a merry party, last Sunday we drove pleasantly—which means uneventfully—to the Royal York Hotel, Brighton, as our rendezvous.

* * *

A Well-known Hostelry

It often surprises me that writers on motoring subjects, when describing a run, give so little attention to the famous hostelries on the road. Since the advent of the car the famous inns of England have again come to their own, which years of travelling by railways had robbed them of. I suppose, for instance, that not one car in a hundred *en route* to Brighton fails to pull up at the George Hotel at Crawley, whose welcome sign stretches across the High Street soon after one enters the quaint old Sussex town. Inside, one receives a hearty welcome from the landlord, Mr. Green, a popular and favourite good fellow with all travellers. While the ladies are escorted to the old panelled hall, cheered with hot cups of Bovril, and warm themselves by the blazing logs burning merrily on the old Jacobean fireplace—which bears the date, I think, of 1615—the males are taken to see the recently opened Binnery. Mine host of the "George" knoweth a good thing when he sees it, as some old Cognac, dated 1815, the year of the Battle of Waterloo, doth show, while his cellar, I wot, is of goodly proportions. But we are fain to leave our good host, Master Green, though not before he had deposited a couple of bottles of Bass's Royal Ale, which the King himself brewed some years ago, and which he insisted on our accepting as a parting remembrance.

Car-icature—No. XVIII.: Mr. Walter Gibbons

One of the founders and most zealous supporters of the Automobile Association. As the proprietor of several music-halls, he has lately been before the public in connection with the recent artists' strike, which was finally settled largely owing to his tact

(By Alick P. F. Ritchie)

A Famous Recipe

Running easily up Handcross Hill, the scene of the fatal accident just a year ago, our Gladiator stops to render assistance to some distressed brethren of the road—by-the-by, a lot of interesting things might be written on the freemasonry of the road—and then, keeping up a good speed, before long we near the outskirts of Brighton. We have seen some large and powerful cars on our road, but have not yet been passed. In company with a fine Humber car, among whose fair burdens is a certain distinguished Gaiety actress, we pull up at the Royal York Hotel just at the right time to enjoy a good luncheon, washed down with a bottle of Irroy 1898. No one visiting the Royal York should fail to order the York steak, kidney, and lark pudding, which, I understand, is prepared from a recipe of the late Baroness Burdett-Coutts. After lunch we sit in the hall, smoke our cigars, and over coffee listen to the orchestra. And then home again! As for the Gladiator, I suppose its merits are so well known to-day that to talk of noiseless engine and smooth running in connection with it is to talk banalities. But I would like to remark that an 18 h.-p. Gladiator is not an expensive car as good cars go, is thoroughly reliable in every respect, is easy to drive, and for both town use and touring purposes is absolutely A1.

* * *

A Flexibility Competition

The rather boring question of the six *versus* the four-cylinder—boring because the subject has dragged on until it seems to be degenerating into an excuse to draw attention to the wares of the respective parties to the controversy—is to get a fresh fillip through the Crystal Palace Club Flexibility Competition, which is to be held next Saturday, March 23, at Bexhill. Mr. Alec Govan, of the Argyll Company, writing from the point of view of the four-cylinder engine, draws attention to two "palpable defects" in the rules: some method should be found to make it certain that only standard gears shall be used; and also, as speed is the predominating factor for securing marks, the horse-power of the vehicle should be taken into

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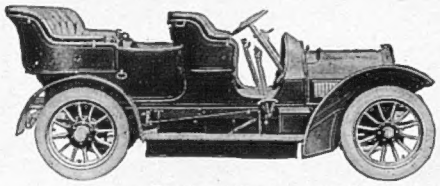

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account. Mr. Govan contends that, under the circumstances, the competition will throw no light on the four *versus* six-cylinder question. Meantime, in the six-cylinder camp is some jubilation. Mr. S. F. Edge, though he complains that "the cylinder dimensions exactly fit the 35-45 h.-p. Daimler," which "certainly is an advantage at the start," has, nevertheless entered a six-cylinder Napier, and hopes the four-cylinder champions will do ditto or for ever hold their peace. As most parties seem to be edging, it does not point to a likelihood of this desirable result being achieved. I shall be present at Bexhill, and watch the much-vaunted performances of the six-cylinder Napier with great interest. COMYNS BEAUMONT.

* * *

Miscellanea

The Brooklands Club intend, at an early date after opening, to arrange for a special amateur race.

The Motor Union is taking steps to put a stop to the congestion of traffic which, thanks to the trams, one almost invariably encounters at Kingston, in Thames Street.

Thorneycrofts have just received from Tientsin a large order for motor-boats for fishing purposes.

The Continental Tyre Company have just issued a most interesting and beautifully got-up booklet respecting the Herkomer Trophy of last year.

The well-known Rover Company have recently moved to magnificent new premises, Albion House, at the corner of Shaftesbury Avenue. No passer-by should fail to observe the splendid show of cars.

Last Wednesday, at the Institution of Mechanical Engineers, Storey's Gate, St. James's Park, Mr. Percy Martin, the managing director of the Daimler Works, read a very interesting and instructive paper on "Works Organisation."

A new mudguard for motor-omnibuses hails from Paris. It prevents the pedestrian being splashed by a simple and ingenious contrivance.

* * *

Car-icature—No. XVIII.: Mr. Walter Gibbons, the Master Man

The chief claim which the subject of this week's Car-icature has to the kindly consideration of motorists is that he was one of the founders of the Automobile Association, and remains to this day one of the most zealous supporters of that most useful organisation.

At his beautiful home, "Cold Blow," Burgh Heath, Mr. Walter Gibbons always extends the warmest of welcomes to his brother knights of the road, and is never more pleased than when showing his visitors over his model garage. (A "Germain," an "Itala" of 70 h.-p., and a "Gladiator" for town use, forms Mr. Gibbons's "stud" at the moment, but—as he expresses it—he reserves power to add to the number.) In business, Mr. Gibbons recently came prominently into the public gaze by reason of the dispute between various variety artists and the proprietors of the music-halls in whose employment they were, of whom he was one.

Happily, matters were ultimately settled on an amicable basis, thanks largely to the tact displayed by both sides. During the period of "storm and stress," Mr. Gibbons used his cars night and day in the service of his fellow-managers, and proved once again the utility of the self-propelled vehicle in every urgent emergency. D.M.

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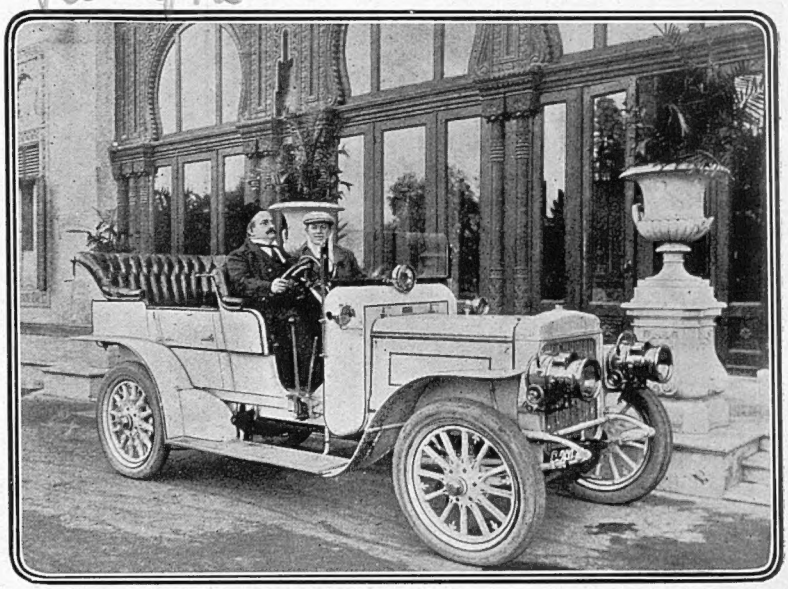

The Motor in Egypt

H.H. Prince Mahmond Hundi Pasha, son of the late Khedive, Ismail Pasha, in his Daimler car at the entrance of the Ghezirh Palace. He is accompanied by Mr. Percy Warren, of the Daimler Company

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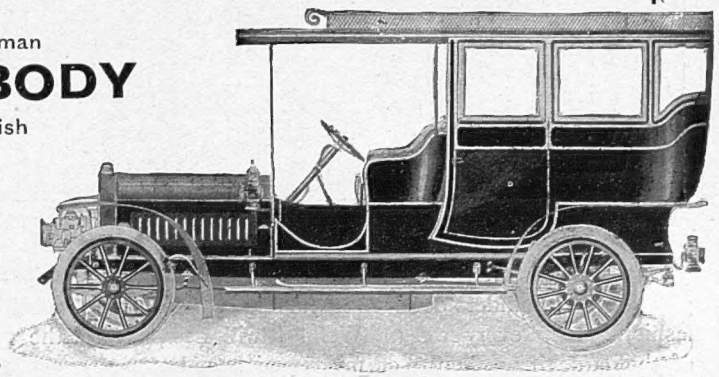

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By Mrs. JACK MAY

Pity is frequently meted out to me—gratuitous pity, be it well understood—over the strain of writing fashion gossip every week. Well! I will now, out of the large benevolence of my experience, let you into a secret. Of the two evils, I would infinitely rather write than read the innumerable and conflicting accounts weekly spread broadcast over the land.

Contradictory to bewilderment, all credit be granted to those who, with individual instinct, contrive to pick out of the *mêlée* the vogue or particular creation best suited to their requirements. Even my well-seasoned head would give out if I essayed to accept written fashion statements instead of seeing and judging for myself, weighing carefully the *pros* and *cons* of the various modistic claims advanced, and relying to a certain degree on an instinctive sense.

It takes time, and long experience, however, to have the courage of one's instinctive convictions; consequently, the better plan for those with whom dress is more of an incident than an obsession is definitely to accept a style—one of the many at present—and have it worked out to varying expressions. Only by such means is it possible to render the *tout ensemble* which has come to be described as modistic personality. The wearer is then of her clothes, not merely in them—a subtle distinction of most potent value.

Kate Newton, Great Portland St.

Invaluable at the moment—although one pauses to reflect when it is not so—is the seasonable display at Mme. Kate Newton's, who has only quite recently returned from the Continent with a more than usually convincing stock of models, models in which the great name of Worth plays an important part, together with Beer, Doucet, Drécoll, etc. Working on her unique experience, Mme. Kate Newton has made a special purchase of evening toilettes, with a view to meeting the requirements of those who have Courts in view. Supplemented by the obligatory train, these beautiful creations work out at less than half their original cost, and are, in addition, absolutely exclusive. Until one has personally viewed these gowns at Kate Newton's, it is impossible to imagine the regality of the embroideries, ornamentations of really intrinsic value, an average price for which is struck at twenty guineas.

A Demi-Toilette
In delicate straw-colour, carried out in ninon and chiffon velvet
(Sketched at Mme. Kate Newton's by Dorothy Millar)

With the season generally, now within reasonable distance, these evening gowns at 155, Great Portland Street obviously fill a great want. Then another most interesting innovation here is some light-weight specially constructed fur coatees for Spring wear. Of musk seal, broadtail, and the like, these little wraps appeal most persuasively as justifiable purchases, not only for wear at the immediate moment, but right through our own particular British type of summer.

For the Easter Exodus

Nor, for the Easter exodus, is there any more prolific fount whereat to select the useful and withal smart coat and skirt costume. And it is such a boon to be able to leave such a purchase until the last moment, with the full assurance that, out of the immense selection held, one can step right into the ideal possession of our imagination. In every case the coats are lined silk, and, naturally, the commencing price of four guineas conveys nothing